

—“whom unmerciful Disaster followed fast and followed faster”

WAS it of himself that Poe wrote these famous lines in “The Raven”? Surely no mortal was ever more relentlessly dogged by misfortune. The shadows of tragedy were ever above him. Is it to be wondered that the heart of Poe turned to bitterness—that he sought escape in wild excesses? What an injustice that the world should once have banned his writings because of his personal defections, forgetting that it was out of the very abandon of his life that his immortal genius was born. How else could he have written tales of such unearthly weirdness—poetry of such haunting beauty! How else could his imagination have soared into such strange fantastic realms, “dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before!”



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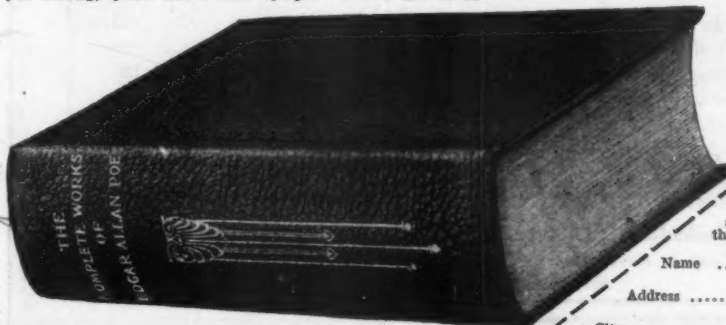
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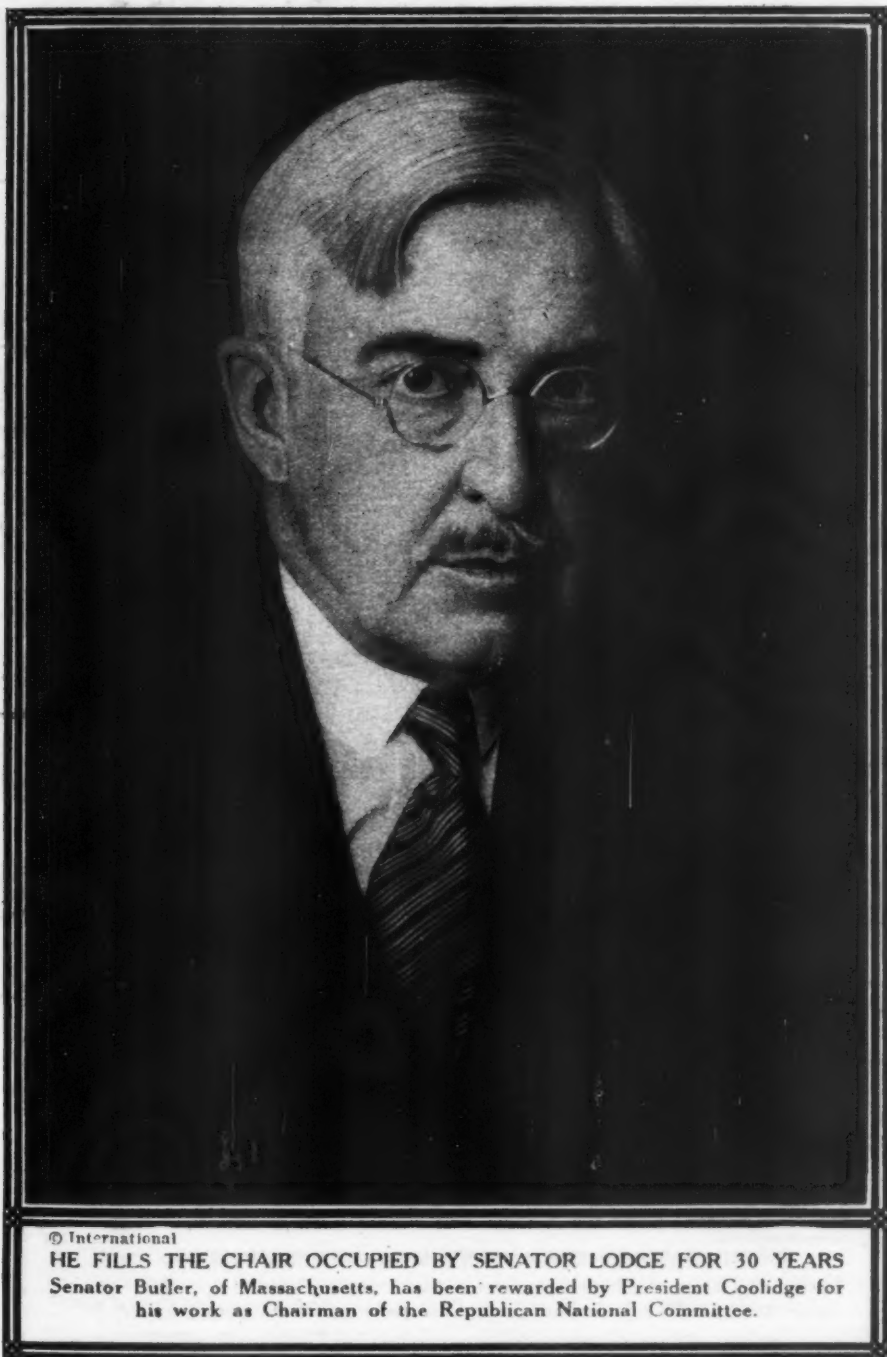
SPEAKER FREDERIC H. GILLETT CALLING THE HOUSE TO ORDER

It will be the last time he thus officiates, as Massachusetts is sending him as a Senator to the 69th Congress.



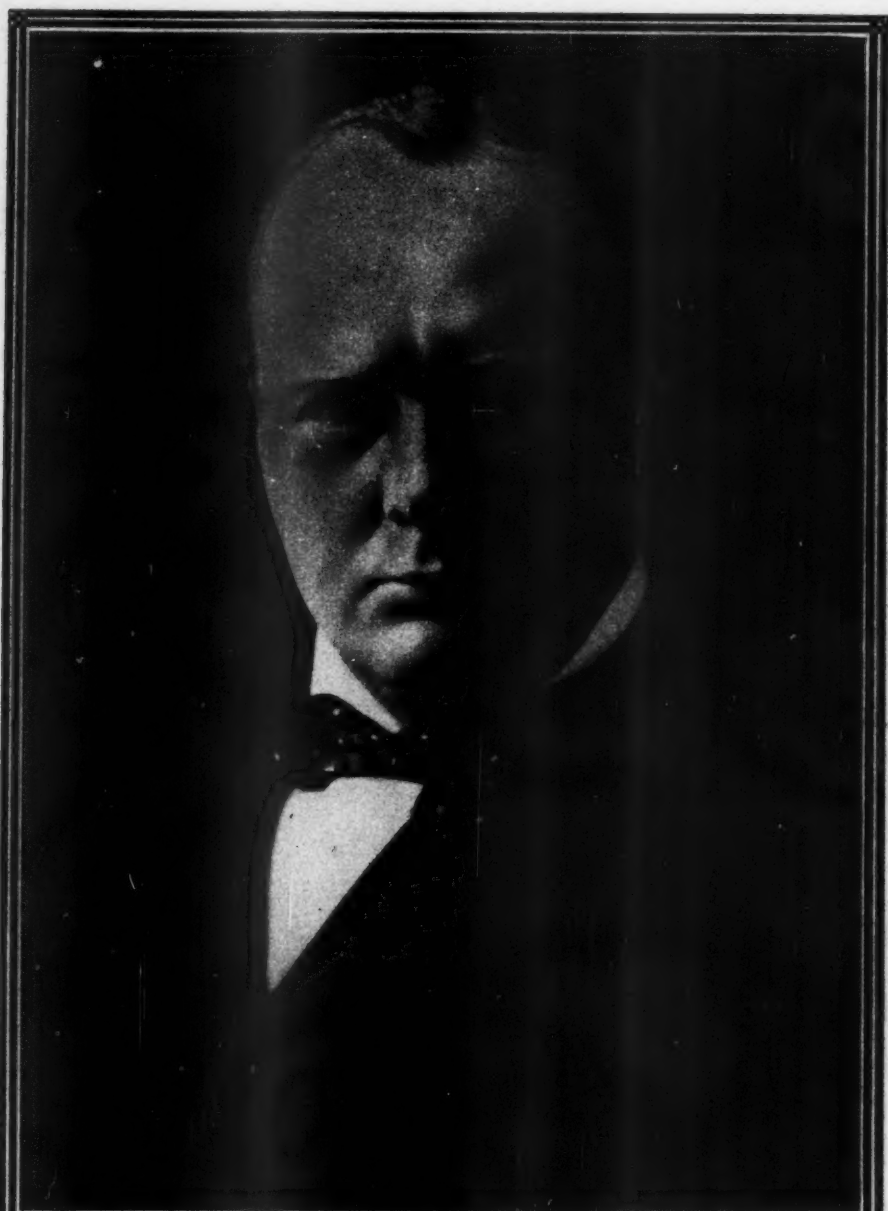
© Underwood

THE NEW REPUBLICAN MAJORITY LEADER OF THE SENATE
Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas, who has succeeded the late Henry Cabot Lodge as floor leader, is part Indian and even the Democrats approve of him.



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HE FILLS THE CHAIR OCCUPIED BY SENATOR LODGE FOR 30 YEARS
Senator Butler, of Massachusetts, has been rewarded by President Coolidge for his work as Chairman of the Republican National Committee.



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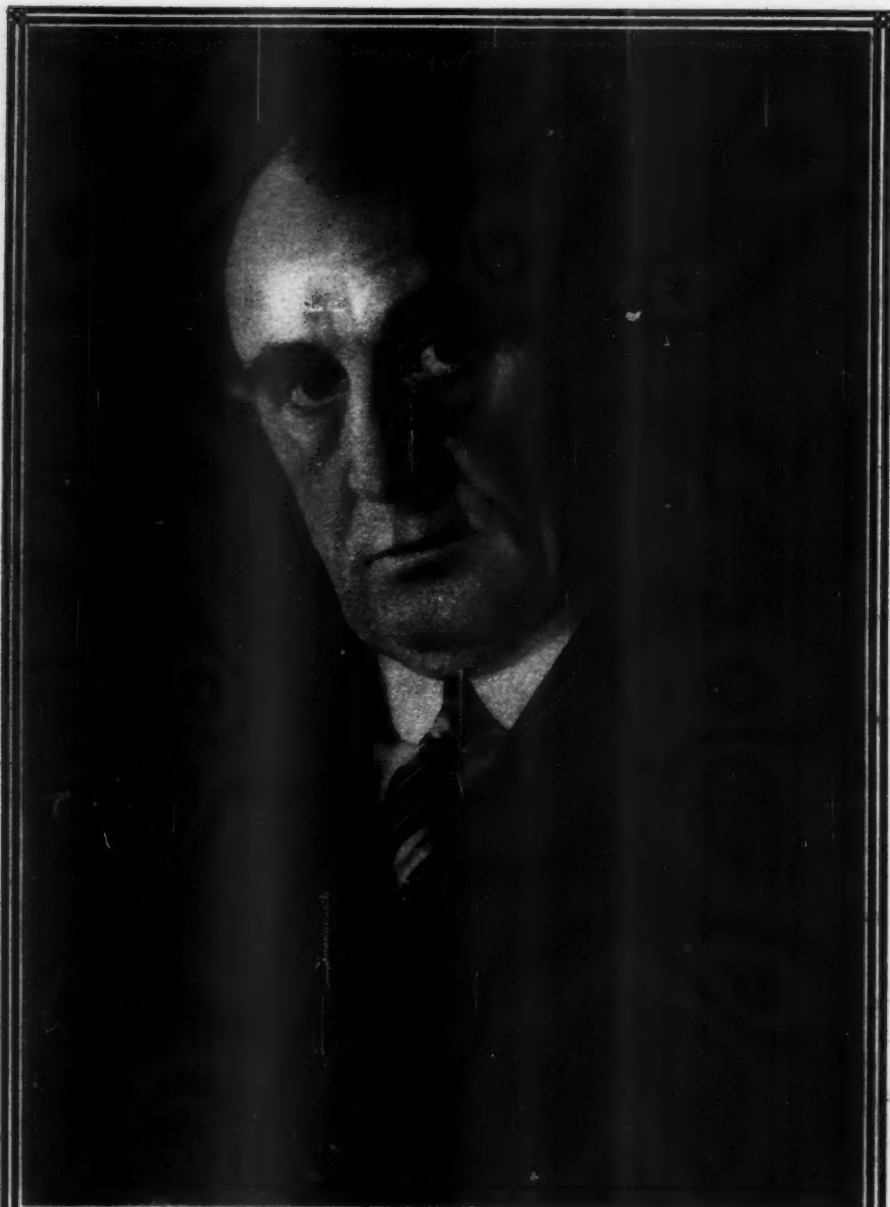
"THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON OF BRITISH POLITICS"

So Winston Spencer Churchill, whose mother was an American, is described, on being made Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Baldwin cabinet.



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ENGLAND EXPECTS THIS SOLDIER TO KEEP EGYPT IN ORDER
Viscount Allenby, British High Commissioner in Egypt, wields sovereign powers
in demanding reprisals for the killing of Sir Lee Stack, the late Sirdar.



© Fotograms

NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE OF SURGEONS
Dr. Charles H. Mayo, one of the famous brothers who practise surgery at
Rochester, Minn., has been accorded that honor by the 14th Clinical Congress.



© Wide World

THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF CUBA

General Machado, Liberal, who defeated President Menocál, Conservative, and who takes office in May, favors a new treaty with the United States.



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AN ITALIAN RIVAL WHOM MUSSOLINI IS "AFRAID TO ARREST"
General Peppino Garibaldi, grandson of the famous liberator, so asserts in denouncing the Fascist party and its "tyrant leader."

The Current of Opinion

Congress, Coolidge and Economy

WHEN the Capital Limited, bound for Chicago, pulled out of the Union Station in Washington on a recent December day, one of its regular Pullman passengers was the President of the Republic. That evening Calvin Coolidge made his way along the lurching corridor of the train to the dining-car and with his fellow-travelers ate the regular \$1.25 dinner.

The President in so doing was not so much displaying a Jeffersonian simplicity as he was setting an example of New England frugality. Since the days of McKinley the Chief Executive has customarily traveled either by special train or in a special car. But President Coolidge discovered that his Chicago trip would cost the taxpayers \$6,000 if he chartered a special train, or \$2,200 if he contented himself with a private coach; and so he resolved to save some \$1,800 by putting up with the comforts of a Pullman compartment.

The economy message of the President had just been read in Congress, and he was practising what he preached. Whether the Presidential example will be a lesson to Congress remains to be seen. On the very day that he was traveling in an ordinary sleeper, two flagrant pork barrel bills were being urged in the legislative halls at the Capitol. Senator Ashurst of Arizona was demanding that some thirty-nine millions be drawn from the national treasury to erect unneeded post offices and court houses; and Representative Dempsey of New York was pushing an old-fashioned rivers and harbors bill entailing a useless outlay of more than fifty-three mil-

lions. In addition loomed up a very real danger that the postal pay increase, involving sixty-eight millions a year, would be passed over the President's veto. The President had condemned this measure last spring because it did not provide an appropriation to meet its cost, because it was unscientifically drawn, failing to distinguish between the needs of postmen in the cities and the rural districts, and because the waiting list of applicants indicated that postmen as a class were not economically handicapped.

The enactment of any of these measures would go far toward wiping out the prospective Treasury surplus of \$67,000,000 this year and diminish the prospects of tax reduction next year. It would be an impudent rebuff to the President a few weeks after he received an overwhelming endorsement from the people at the polls. The reduction of the national debt and trimming of the budget in recent years has been a magnificent accomplishment. It contrasts strikingly with the finances of our States and communities, which are still plunging deeper into debt at the rate of a billion a year. By indulging in a few of its old tricks, Congress might undo the conscientious toil of years.

The President's message was perhaps more significant for its omissions than for its recommendations. He was silent on the child labor amendment, and he failed to repeat his last year's endorsement of a Department of Education. He expressly condemned any extension of the Federal Aid legislation which in recent years has been a favorite resource of self-styled reformers. Clearly, the President has set his face against any further federalization of government in the United States.



The nation is marking time while the last session of the Sixty-eighth Congress drags to an end. Nothing is hoped from it, and few tears will be shed when it has passed into history. For twelve lame ducks in the Senate and seventy-nine in the House the approach of March 4 means the end of their sojourn in Washington and of their Congressional prestige. The third party, which raised so much furore a few months ago, has shrunk to invisibility. Senator Wheeler has slunk back into the Democratic fold. Senators La Follette, Ladd, Frazier and Brookhart occupy an anomalous position in the Republican camp. They have not been read out of the party, but they are not invited to attend party caucuses and they are not to be promoted according to the seniority rule in their committee holdings. Agricultural prosperity has made relief for the farmers an academic question, even though that prosperity has been based upon a combination of fortuitous events which may not repeat themselves. In the

upper House the familiar figure of Senator Lodge is missing; his offices are occupied by William M. Butler, the President's confidant, and his toga as majority leader has fallen on Senator Curtis, whose Kaw Indian blood gives him an older American lineage than was enjoyed even by the Bay State sage.

□ □

Jingoism and the Navy

ARE the defenses of the United States in peril? And is America slumbering while rival nations are arming? Recently the President of the Navy League made the disturbing assertion that only five out of our eighteen capital battle-ships were in "fairly fit condition" for immediate service. About the same time a retired rear admiral, in a widely advertised address, expressed the belief that "pacifist" propaganda was "effeminizing" America, making us "fear to look war in the face." A colleague of



his tried in vain to arrest the destruction of the uncompleted \$35,000,000 dreadnaught *Washington*, on the general ground that in fulfilling the terms of the Washington Conference we were scrapping ships, whereas the other nations were scrapping blue-prints. Only a few days ago press dispatches from Japan have reported the excitement aroused by our Navy's plans to hold spring maneuvers in Hawaiian waters; and a certain section of the American press, always prickly where our rights are concerned, has loudly counseled that we ignore Japanese susceptibilities.

Agitation of this kind has an ominously familiar ring for those acquainted with European history leading up to the World War. The special pleading of military "experts," the exaltation of national might under the guise of preparedness, the sly inculcation of international suspicion and fear, the sabre-rattling of hot-headed patrioteers—all these, working on the public mind, paved the way for the frenzied outburst of 1914. Shall we travel the same road?

Fortunately, the Washington Government displays a level-headed disposition to oppose competitive armaments, and the facts of the situation are available for anyone desiring to form an intelligent opinion. Secretary Wilbur has declared that each power bound by the Washington Conference "has carried out with scrupulous exactness the treaty provisions," and the President has advised the nation "to be little impressed by the reports of



PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

—Sykes in Life.

the magnitude of the military equipment of other nations."

If England has not scrapped any vessel like the *Washington*, it is because the American fleet at the time of the Conference was stronger in capital ships than hers, and for a parity to be established in this arm we have had to sacrifice more than she.

If our fleet is not equal to Great Britain's, it is due to the failure of Congress to maintain our capital units at topnotch efficiency. Thirteen of our eighteen dreadnoughts need "blistered" hulls for protection against torpedoes, and armored decks for protection against bombs and "plunging" shells; six should be converted from coal burners to oil burners. The range of the guns on all of these could be extended by elevation; whether this is permitted

by the Arms treaty is a moot question to be decided by diplomacy. The modernization of our fleet is one of the most important responsibilities resting on Congress.

But the crux of the naval problem lies with those branches not restricted by treaty—the destroyers, submarines, and cruisers. The Washington Conference stretched a dam only part way across the flood of naval competition, and if the 5-5-3 naval ratio is to be maintained, the United States must be ready, as the situation now stands, to keep pace with the programs of England and Japan—a disheartening prospect which makes the need for a new disarmament conference all the more pressing.

In destroyers the United States enjoys at present a lead over all other nations, and this preponderance is not threatened by any rival building programs. England's cruiser tonnage, built or building, exceeds ours, and Japan's approaches ours. But in this instance a large proportion of the American vessels are obsolescent and would be valuable only in battles near our own coast. The English and Japanese are both building post-war cruisers that far overbalance ours. The same holds with submarines: our tonnage far exceeds England's and Japan's, but they can count on long-range submersibles which we cannot equal.

Secretary Wilbur is authority for the reassuring statement that, as the navies now stand, no foreign nation is a menace to the United States. Though in far eastern waters the Japanese would more than hold their own against us, and though in European waters the English would be more powerful, on our own shores they would be so far from their naval bases as to be almost at our mercy.

That there is ground for uneasiness in Japan's building program cannot be gainsaid. Her present fleet should suffice to protect her re-

mote archipelago from attack, and why she should have embarked on extensive new construction is not clear. The Japanese have displayed a touchiness, in regard to England's prospective base at Singapore, to America's immigration law, and to our naval maneuvers in the Pacific, which makes friendly, common-sense relations with her difficult. She is spending on her own naval bases in one year as much as England plans to spend at Singapore in ten. If her naval budget continue to expand, it will constitute a menace to every power with interests in Asia and the isles of the Pacific. The tone of the Japanese jingo press, taking offense on every pretext, cannot but awaken the suspicion that a campaign is on foot to rally the Japanese people behind an exhausting naval race. Fortunately, their leaders, like ours, are amicably inclined. Admiral Takarabe, Minister of the Navy, has formally announced that his country "is ready to consider a proposal for a further reduction of armament"; and Admiral Okada, the new Commander in Chief of the Japanese fleet, asserts roundly that "the Imperial Navy is feeling not the least concern about the American maneuvers in the Pacific."

□ □

The Child Labor Issue

THE fate of the proposed child labor amendment to the Federal Constitution will probably be decided within the next two or three months. It was submitted by Congress last spring to the State Legislatures. Already one State—Arkansas—has ratified it; two—Louisiana and Georgia—have refused; another—Massachusetts—has submitted it to the people in a referendum, and the people have rejected it by a vote of 696,119 to 247,211. This month thirty-eight State Legis-

latures convene. If eleven of them act unfavorably on the amendment, barring a subsequent reversal on their part, the amendment will be dead.

Rallied behind the proposal are some two score national organizations, including the League of Women Voters and the American Federation of Labor. Farmers and manufacturers oppose it, as well as the Sentinels of the Republic and various constitutional leagues. The advocates of the amendment have one great advantage: it is almost impossible to accuse them of selfish motives. They denounce the commercial exploitation of children as a ruinous social evil, impeding the natural physical development of helpless youngsters, depriving them of educational opportunities, and constituting a slavery every whit as immoral as the one abolished by the great Civil War. The proponents of the measure say that all efforts to accomplish their reform by action through the States have failed, and that Federal action is being sought as a last resort. They point out that, unlike the liquor amendment, the child labor clause does not make the mistake of specifically prohibiting child labor; it is permissive, allowing Congress to decide how stringent a law we need, and leaving the way open for sensible experimentation.

The opponents of the measure agree in condemning without reservation the employment of children in mills, mines and quarries, which is still the practice in some States. But they deny that no progress is being made through local reforms. On the contrary, steady and permanent improvement is the rule. Since 1912 almost every State in the Union has enacted child labor legis-



"I RECKON IT WON'T BE NECESSARY TO
SCRAP THE REST OF 'EM"
—Rogers in Washington Post.

lation, and the abuse is gradually but surely disappearing. It is true that the conditions are infinitely varied, but this is all the more reason for relying on local legislation, as only local reforms can adequately meet local needs. A blanket law would no more fit every situation than one pair of shoes fits every individual.

Moreover, the whole trend of the times seems to be away from a centralization of authority in Congress. That body in recent years has done little to inspire confidence, and why, it is asked, should its jurisdiction be extended? Everyone is familiar with the difficulties in enforcing the Prohibition Amendment in regions where local majorities are not in sympathy with it; are we now to invite a second farce of the Volstead order? Angry and recalcitrant communities have a way of defeating the best intentions of reformers, when these call in the strong arm of Uncle Sam and resort to bulldozing tactics. The only way to stamp out permanently the abuses of child



BRINGING A LITTLE LIGHT INTO IT
—Kirby in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

labor, in well-informed opinion, is the slow but steady education of regressive regions where it persists. Any hastily chosen short cut, such as the adoption by Congress of certain paper standards, is only too apt to prove the longest road in the end.

□ □

Another Washington Conference in Order

AS Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, William E. Borah of Idaho succeeds Henry Cabot Lodge. And Senator Borah intends to prevent any "next war." Events, therefore, are beginning to move. President Coolidge proposes that the United States shall join the International Court at The Hague and sixty Senators are reported to be favorable to this immediate step. Senator Borah is here cautious and indicates that, if the United States is to join the Hague Court, all aliens from Geneva must be quarantined, before admit-

tance. A "cordon sanitaire," as the French call it, must be arranged against the League of Nations.

The President had not been long in the White House before he proposed a Second Conference on Disarmament. Ramsay MacDonald insisted that this Conference be summoned in Europe by the League of Nations; which was a hitch. The new Government in Britain has returned to the idea of joining in a Conference at Washington, as previously suggested; and Austen Chamberlain, Britain's Foreign Secretary, is attending the Council of the League at Rome, there to adjust this and other matters. The famous "protocol" on disarmament thus becomes, not "the" plan of peace, but one among the many plans. In terms, it is no longer the agenda to be discussed. But it represents an invaluable background.

In his message to Congress, President Coolidge indicated that the United States must participate in world affairs. From London, Viscount Cecil, a Cabinet Minister, visits the United States on an official mission which includes the receipt of \$25,000, awarded him as the winner of the First Woodrow Wilson Peace Prize. In terms of Atlantic City, Earl Balfour's distinguished cousin thus steps forth as "Miss Geneva." Whether this means that the United States is ripening as fruit for the League of Nations, remains to be seen. Secretary Hughes has decided to join the League Conference on the Traffic in Arms which is one step nearer the brink.

An element in the outlook is finance. France is considering upon what terms her debt to the United States is to be funded. As Britain also is creditor of France, this involves a three-cornered negotiation. Moreover, the above loans are by no means the only commitments in Europe which involve the United States. Wall Street has lent and is still lending immense sums abroad

and these investments would lose their value if there were a hint of serious war.

It is too early to expect comment on the suggested Washington Conference. But, in Japan, one hears, as usual, two voices. The Minister of Marine, Admiral Takarabe, declares that the Conference is "perfectly welcome." But imperialist Japan talks about the necessity of cruisers as the only guarantee against Anglo-Saxon domination.

British "navalists," like navalists at Washington, are talking loudly of gun-elevations and new cruisers. But in both countries, the keynote is economy, a great instrument of peace. It is Winston Churchill who guards the British Treasury, and, as poacher, he will make an excellent gamekeeper. In fact, he has already stated that any settlement between European countries and the United States must be accompanied by proportionate payments to Britain.

Egypt Beards the British Lion

ON a famous occasion when he was receiving the freedom of the City of London, Theodore Roosevelt told Britain that she must either govern Egypt or go. Within the last month, Egypt herself has forced her nominal "ally" and actual suzerain to make that choice. And Britain, so far from quitting Egypt, has fully displayed whatever is meant by the phrase "Teddy's teeth."

Egypt has a king of her own dynasty, a Parliament of her own choice, and a Cabinet answerable to that Parliament. Until the crisis broke, her Prime Minister was Zaghoul Pasha, the Gandhi of the country, an extreme Nationalist, whom, during the World War, Britain deported.

Over the essentials of administration, Zaghoul has enjoyed a free hand. But he has had to submit to certain reservations. Britain still guards the Suez Canal. She guarantees the security of foreign interests in Egypt. And, as "a codominion" with Egypt, she governs the Soudan. Zaghoul has demanded that, from all such activities, Britain shall retire.

This has been the background for a tragedy that recalls the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and his secretary, Mr. Burke, in Phoenix Park, Dublin, and even of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Serajevo. Sir Lee Stack was a British officer, appointed by



"GR-RR-R!"

—Sykes in N. Y. Evening Post.

Egypt to command her Army. He also acted as Governor-General of the Soudan. One day, he was bombed in the streets of Cairo and riddled with bullets. A government in London that included Churchill and Birkenhead delivered an immediate ultimatum. Within twenty-four hours, an indemnity of £500,000 had been paid to Lord Allenby, the British High Commissioner in Cairo.

But Zaghloul declined, within that period, to surrender his other claims. And with Britain seizing the Custom House at Alexandria, marching troops into Cairo, and marching Egyptian troops out of the Soudan, Zaghloul resigned.

His successor as Prime Minister, Zivar Pasha, adjourned the Egyptian Parliament for a month, arrested many members, and accepted the British terms. There was little protest. A few students cut their lectures in Cairo. A platoon mutinied in Khartoum. A couple of assassins were nearly captured in the garden of Lord Allenby at the Residency. And plots to murder British

Ministers in London were sensationally reported. That was all.

But the crisis has been widely discussed. Britain's ultimatum has been compared with Austria's ultimatum to Serbia and with Italy's seizure of Corfu. Bernard Shaw talks of Lord Allenby's charge that Egypt "allowed" the murder of Sir Lee Stack and asks if England "allowed" the murder of Sir Henry Wilson and the blinding blow administered to Pussyfoot Johnson; and did the United States "allow" the murders of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley?

The Egyptian Parliament, before it vanished, appealed to the League of Nations. Technically, the appeal is out of order because the League recognizes not Parliaments but governments. Also, Britain may plead Article XXI of the Covenant which recognizes "regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace." A Monroe Doctrine for the Suez Canal is thus adumbrated.

And Europe, as a whole, acquiesces. Britain in Egypt is the trustee for Europe in Egypt; and not only that. She is a partner with Europe in North Africa. In Paris, Austen Chamberlain, the British Foreign Minister, is said to have concluded with Prime Minister Herriot a renewal of the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904 whereby Britain's free hand in Egypt is balanced by a free hand for France in Morocco. At the moment, that arrangement has a particular importance. As Spain withdraws her troops from the Riff, France has the power to introduce her own soldiers.

The real difficulty in Egypt is this—the existing Parliament is for Zaghloul. If dissolved, an election, taking place within two months, would hardly yield a pro-British majority. Hence, Britain would have to govern Egypt through Ministers who, on any test vote, would be defeated in the elected assembly.



Germany Stands Pat at the Polls

IF the German elections have aroused little comment, the reason is that their result is substantially "no change." But this very fact means that President Ebert and the Republic for which he stands have again won a victory, both against the Communists to the Left and against the Monarchists to the extreme Right. It is a triumph for sanity and peace—this despite the resignation of Chancellor Marx, which represents a mere shuffle of the cards.

Broadly, there were three questions submitted to the voters—first, should the monarchy be restored?—secondly, should the Dawes Report be repudiated?—and thirdly, should the eight-hour day be suspended and the trade-unions be smashed?

All three questions have been answered in the negative. And this means that mid-Europe has weathered, for some years at any rate, the storms of "white" royalism and "red" revolution. Ludendorff is to-day a pitiable figure. It was his plan to put a Wittelsbach on the throne of Bavaria and a Hohenzollern on the throne of Prussia by means of force. But the policy of the *putsch* has been entirely discredited, and the main body of monarchists in Germany themselves recognize that if the thrones are to be set up again in the various states of the Fatherland, it must be by the suffrages of the people, not the machine guns of the military.

Hence the significance of recent arrangements between the dispossessed princes themselves. The

ex-Crown Prince has met "King" Rupprecht of Bavaria, and the ancient rivalry between Prussia and that state has been abated. We are told, too, that Prussia is prepared to reconstitute the kingdom of Hanover which Bismarck destroyed.

And the ex-Crown Prince of Prussia, while "farming" in Silesia and sending his eldest son into an exporting business at Hamburg, visits Berlin and so familiarizes his father's former subjects with his presence. The German royalists are thus "stooping to conquer" and are living as loyal citizens in the hope that, one day soon, the other loyal citizens may hail them once more as more or less constitutional potentates. Incidentally, the Communists are demanding that the Grand Duke Cyril, whose wife has been visiting the United States, shall be expelled from Gotha. He has there asserted his claim to be Czar, somewhat too obtrusively to suit the radicals.



CLEANING UP!

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.

League to Curb the Opium Trade

AT Geneva, that veteran in a great cause, Bishop Brent, with Representative Stephen G. Porter, has courageously presented the United States plan for combating addiction to opium. The plan is based on the principle that no drug should be available, except for medicinal and scientific use. This means that the supply of opium should be cut by at least three-quarters and that there should be a similar restriction of cocaine and of hashish, that oriental poison derived from hemp and used in sweetmeats. The insidious narcotics which induced Coleridge to compose his magical fragment, *Kubla Khan*, and drove De Quincy to write *The Confessions of an Opium Eater*, which, moreover, sustained the Count of Monte Cristo in his revenges and Sherlock Holmes in his exposures of crime—these are now branded as the devil's own instru-

ments of vice. Heroin, derived from opium, is a mere poison.

For twelve years there has been in force the Hague Agreement on Opium. Broadly, this agreement laid it down that one nation should export opium to another nation only after receiving a permit from that other nation's government. In theory, this gives to every nation the right to say how much opium it will receive and even to exclude opium altogether. In law, then, there is nothing to prevent the United States applying to opium precisely the prohibition which she has applied to alcoholic drink.

The Hague Agreement is however inadequate. There are to-day four countries producing opium—China, India, Persia and Turkey. Of these countries, Persia and Turkey are not parties in the full sense to the Agreement; and it happens to be in Persia and Turkey that the high grade opium is grown which alone can be imported legally into the United States, where the drug must contain at least 9 per cent. of morphine. And even if, nominally, Persia and Turkey were included without reservations in the Hague Agreement, the governments of those countries might not be strong enough and honest enough to prevent illicit exports through Russia and oriental channels.

For opium is the *multum in parvo* of evil. The total production is only 4,000 tons a year, and one ship, indeed one freight-train would carry it. Yet this small cargo is enough to dope hundreds of millions of mankind. And the American contention is that the only way to restrict the supply of opium is at the source. You cannot conceal a field of poppies. But you can slip the little lump of opium derived therefrom into your pocketbook. And the way to stop smuggling is thus to stop cultivation on the field and so give the smuggler no opium with which to carry on his contraband trade.



So drastic a proposal has, of course, aroused the liveliest debate. Turkey and Persia ask what compensation is to be paid to the cultivators who lose their livelihood. And the difficulty of applying suppression of the poppy to an oriental country is illustrated by the experience of China where prohibition, both of import and manufacture of the drug, is the law. China thus has the American Plan actually legalized, yet she grows to-day three-fourths of the world's supply of the narcotic; and it is with the revenues from opium that China's military tuchuns pay their troops.

On this issue, the seven votes of the British Empire are divided. Britain herself and Australia are neutral. Canada and Ireland support the American Plan. India, however, is opposed to the Plan, and a word or two will explain her attitude.

India asserts that, alone of the opium-producing countries, she has adhered strictly to the Hague Agreement. This means that her opium is a Government monopoly; that not a chest of it is exported except on permit from the government of the importing country; that 75 per cent. of the exports are actually consigned to foreign governments; that none is sent, directly or indirectly, to China, the United States and Europe; and that India's opium, being of low grade, is excluded by law from this country.

India's most serious objection to the American Plan is that it interferes with the domestic consumption of opium by natives. The missionaries support Bishop Brent and the American Plan; so does Gandhi. But official India, native as well as British, has not risen to this ideal of renunciation. According to the argument thus presented, the consumption in India is one-half the consumption per head in the United States, as officially estimated; there is no opium-smoking, so it is stated,

except in Burmah; and there, smoking is under suppression. India consumes opium as a medicine where doctors are not available, and on ceremonial occasions, as a stimulant. Was it not Prince Ranjitsinkji who talked about opium as "India's cup of tea"? That is the case set forth; we give it for what it is worth.

One of India's difficulties has been Japan. In Formosa and in Japan proper, opium is sternly suppressed; but Japan has issued official permits, so clearly in excess of her own needs, that India has refused to honor them. Japan, therefore, has made it a condition of any further agreement that her permits, to an unlimited amount, be accepted by India and other exporting countries. In view of the notorious smuggling of which Japan is reputed to have been the hotbed, this sensitiveness on her part as to her permits is significant. And Japan's withdrawal from the Conference adds to the misgivings which naturally arise as to her attitude.

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Black Shirts and Sour Grapes in Italy

MUSSOLINI is said to be meditating a skyscraper from which he will be able to look down on St. Peter's, the Woolworth Building and the House of Savoy. It is to celebrate Fascismo. And yet even Fascismo is losing its glamor. The murder of Matteotti, the Socialist deputy, has been followed by a succession of scandals involving Fascisti, one of which has caused the resignation of Dr. Italo Balbo, Commander of the National Fascisti Militia whose methods or menaces were unduly Ku Klux Klannish.

Having cleaned the Augean stables of other parties, especially the Communist, the Hercules of Italy thus finds that his own horses need grooming. And it is awkward,



GETTING HOTTER
—Duffy in Baltimore Sun.

to say the least, that, in the Italian Parliament, no deputy belonging to the Opposition will attend. Fascisti deputies are thus left to cheer their own speeches, and debate is reduced to a game of tennis in which there is no one to return the service.

All this might be tolerable to Mussolini if it were not for another and more disquieting development. On the Italian Armistice Day, the Black Shirts, or Fascisti, who are often mere boys, fired their guns into the air when a procession of "veterans" passed—men who had really fought in the war. The fists of the veterans proved to be more than enough for the faces (and the firearms) of the Fascisti, who were routed with ignominy by Italy's real defenders. The veterans are led by the grandson of Garibaldi (see page 8), whose candidate, as Prime Minister, is D'Annunzio—the poet, novelist, birdman, friend of Duse, and, generally speaking, the Paderewski of Italian politics—though with a difference! For D'Annunzio, stirred by Britain's handling of Egypt, now

declares that "Communism is the only way to make the world safe for democracy." The birdman is again taking flight from solid earth.

Confronted by the criticism of men whose patriotism antedates his own, Mussolini promises that, in future, he will, as far as possible, obey the law; and he has a Commission drafting a new Constitution for Italy, under which the law will be so worded that it can be obeyed by a Mussolini.

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Teacup Tempests Still Shake China

CHINA continues a kaleidoscope. The politics of Wu and Pu and Fu and of Yi and Li and Sze would not be worth a paragraph if, out of the *mêlée*, a far-reaching issue had not emerged. What is the inner meaning of this Hip and Tong feud in the Far East?

There, at Pekin, we had Wu Pei Fu, apparently secure in his dictatorship and honestly attempting to establish unity in "the celestial Empire." Wu Pei Fu was supported by Feng, the Christian General or "Cromwell" of China, whose army is the equal in discipline and equipment to most troops in Europe. The Lord Chang governed Manchuria to the north and, rightly or wrongly, is said to have been financed by Japan. Sun Yat Sen, the George Washington of China, was President of the Southern Republic and hobbled with Bolsheviks in Canton. That was the position.

Then, hey presto!, Feng changed sides. Wu Pei Fu was driven from Pekin. And Lord Chang of Manchuria appears in the capital, with a retinue of troops, including Japanese and Russian contingents. He is promptly joined by Sun Yat Sen, breathing animus against western civilization, denouncing the foreign treaties which strangle China, and

repudiating any idea of "a Dawes Plan for the Far East."

The question here is what difference do these changes make to the United States? The answer is suggested by the simple fact that Lord Chang's puppet as President of the Chinese Republic is Tuan Chi Jui, a former Prime Minister and the leader of the Anfus or pro-Japanese Party. Chang thus represents a Russo-Japanese Entente for the unification of China. And this Entente is further indicated by negotiations between Japan and Russia for a treaty and by the gradual withdrawal of Japanese troops, not only from Siberia but from the Russian island of Saghalin. One detail has been the elimination of Feng, the Christian General, after he had served Chang's purpose. At heart, Feng is a sincere Republican. After ousting Wu Pei Fu, he boldly expelled the Emperor from his palace and degraded him; his pretext being that this unfortunate monarch could never be elected President unless he surrendered all thought of the throne, which surely was a delightful example of Chinese irony! Also,

Feng exiled some thousands of Manchus from the capital. Chang is a Manchu and a monarchist and he did not like it. Feng thus disappeared.

A Russo-Japanese alliance in the Far East means inevitably an influence that balances the influence of the United States and Britain. It is Asia getting together on a basis that can afford to be independent of western civilization. That is the significance of the latest Chinese storm in the teacup.

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Russia Goes from Bad to Worse

FROM Russia there come ominous reports. The Soviet Republic is said to be alarmed and incensed by the prospect of Turkey and Germany joining the League of Nations, which action would leave the Bolsheviks in an inconvenient isolation.

What Bernard Shaw has ridiculed as the "childish" propaganda of Zinovieff and his Third International, has proved an expensive luxury, for it destroyed any chance that Russia ever had of obtaining money from Britain, and it has, in addition, mobilized Britain, Italy and France in a new league for the destruction of Bolshevik agencies in their territories, whether European or colonial. To obtain money from France is now Russia's chief hope; and such accommodation is, to say the least, unlikely as long as the Reds of Moscow "run amuck" all over the world as hot gossellers on a violent Communism.

Without a loan from France, so it is asked, how can Russia, in her present mood, survive the winter? Her treasury is said to be exhausted. Her factories do not produce. Her crops have failed, and her farmers—angry over the exactions of Moscow—refuse to plant an acreage adequate for the coming year. Last



AN ORDINARY FELINE HAS ONLY
NINE LIVES
—Smith for Newspaper Enterprise Ass'n.



HIGHER AND HIGHER, CLOSER AND CLOSER

—Smith for Newspaper Enterprise Ass'n.

but not least, it is said that the Red Army, somewhat reduced in numbers, is a good deal less comfortable than it was. Its pay is reported to be in arrears and there is thus every reason why Trotzky, who is the voice of the Red Army, should tell his disillusioned comrades the plain home-truths which, in the last few weeks, have caused them such heartburnings and appear to have led to his exile.

□ □

Alphonso in a Spanish State of Distraction

PRIMO de RIVERA, dictator of Spain, is enjoying a lively term of office. From Paris he is bombarded at long range by Unamuno, the escaped professor from Salamanca, and by Ibañez, who accuses King Alphonso of betraying Allied secrets to the Germans, keeping his English queen virtually a prisoner, running Spain's campaign in the Riff by his interference and other royal peccadilloes.

That the Spanish Court contained many pro-Germans is a well-known

fact. Alphonso himself is by birth an Austrian archduke. But former Ambassador Gerard, who saw Alphonso early in the war, declares that he then expressed pro-French sympathies. And this certainly has been the view generally accepted.

Revolutionaries are playing hide and seek in the passes of the Pyrenees and occasionally indulge in what they call rebellions, while the police call them raids. And with Spain withdrawn from her zone in Morocco to the cities along the coast, autocracy seems to be sharing the impotence of freedom, as understood in the land of the bull-fight, the guitar and the mantilla.

□ □

French Dissensions

WITH the fall of Ramsay MacDonald, M. Herriot, the Socialist Prime Minister of France, was left alone to face the full force of an unreconciled opposition led by Poincaré. The former President Millérand, too, emerged from a momentary retirement, organized a political machine of his own, and, in M. Herriot's caustic phrase, played the superstatesman. The government is in all the more uncertain position because M. Herriot is honestly endeavoring to reduce the overgrown armaments of France, to shorten her period of military service, to balance her Budget and to fund her debts, both to the United States and to Britain. These wholesome measures hit many taxpayers and offend the big interests. And among the lions in M. Herriot's path is the Church, especially in mediæval Brittany. He has abolished the embassy of France at the Vatican and he is applying to the religious orders those anticlerical laws which were passed before the war by the Combes government.

He meets his troubles with a stiff upper lip. Caillaux, his old leader, has been amnestied by the Senate

and so purged of his pro-German taint. Malvy, who shared "the treason" of Caillaux, has also been restored to the rights of citizenship. André Tardieu, once High Commissioner of France to America, who may now be described, perhaps, as Clémenceau's "tiger-cat," writes bitterly of these political pardons and even points out that Cottin, whose bullet nearly ended Clémenceau's life, has been released.

But, on the other hand, against Communism, Herriot is adamant. When Krassin, the Soviet Ambassador, arrived in Paris, there were "red" demonstrations of welcome. These were followed, however, by the arrest of 300 Bolshevik Frenchmen and the search for and seizure of arms. While Herriot assisted the German Republic by pardoning General von Nathusius, sentenced to a year's imprisonment for looting

during the war, he did not hesitate immediately to imprison Jacques Sadoul, a French army captain, who had been sentenced to death for deserting to Russia, but who returned to France in Krassin's train.

Meanwhile in Washington Ambassador Jusserand has spent the last days of his long period of service with us trying to reach an informal agreement concerning France's four billion dollar war debt to us. The "conversations" were proceeding so far that England became alarmed. Churchill declared in Parliament that Britain would expect France to start repayments on her British debt as soon as she paid anybody else, and the British press displayed forehanded indignation over the possibility that we would grant more lenient terms to France than we had to her. But the Washington conversations have so far come to nothing.



Courtesy Science and Invention

ACTUAL PATH OF THE TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE SCHEDULED FOR JANUARY 24
 Illustrating the path of the impending eclipse from sunrise in the middle west of the United States until the path of totality passes the eastern coast and proceeds out across the Atlantic Ocean. Everyone situated within the above illustrated path will, if the day dawns clear and bright, be rewarded with a view of the total eclipse for a period varying from .5 to 1.8 minutes.

Listening In

A Broadcast of Significant Sayings

BOREDOM is a symptom of hardening of the mind.—*J. H. Masterman, Bishop of Plymouth, England.*

THE "self-made man" in business is nearing the end of his road. He cannot escape the relentless pursuit of the same forces that have eliminated self-made lawyers and doctors and admirals. Despite his own blind faith in the "practical," he is already hiring professionally trained engineers, chemists, accountants and hygienists. He is more and more dependent upon them, and he knows it. He must himself turn to professional education, or surrender control to those who do.—*Richard J. Walsh, editor and author.*

EUROPE'S nobilities of birth and of intellect have created each its own human type, the gentleman and the Bohemian. The gentleman bases his attitude toward life upon tradition. He is the product of an aristocracy of birth, and his home is England, the most conservative land in Europe. The Bohemian bases his attitude toward life on protest. He is the product of an aristocracy of mind, and his home is France, the most revolutionary land in Europe. The gentleman gives form to a formless existence, and is often a classicist; the Bohemian gives color to a colorless existence, and is often a romanticist. The one escapes from life's drabness by personal style; the other, by temperament. Caesar and Seneca were gentlemen; Socrates and Diogenes were Bohemians. A gentleman may be a fool; a Bohemian may be a criminal.—*Count R. N. Coudenhove-Kalergi, scion of an old Austrian family and advocate of a "United States of Europe."*

THE Bolsheviks say they want to abolish the Bourgeoisie; what we want to do is to abolish the Proletariat.—*Christabel Pankhurst, former militant suffrage leader and present evangelist.*

MEN once worked on the theory that the shops existed to keep the shopkeepers: not (as we do) that shopkeepers were created to keep the shops. Until recently tradesmen in small towns would close their shops without notice to go to a game. But now, businesses open and close at immutable hours, and in some departments of life (notably transport) human beings are treated as still necessary but unreliable substitutes for machines. If the shop-keeper lies in the Valley of Death, the shop today must remain open. Though the workers lose their souls, factories must never lack servants. It was thought in Victorian times that science had made men the masters of all things; we are beginning to realize

AS a symbol the Christian cross compares poorly with the crescent of Mohammed. The slender arc of the new moon has in it the element of hope; it will wax into a great and glowing orb. But the cross can only suggest torture and death. There is no cross or blood in the teachings of Confucius or Buddha, and a religion featuring an instrument of torture for its superiority makes slow progress in heathen minds. A real Reformation would restore the living Christ, banish the cruel cross, and take for its guidance the shining star. Did not the three wise men say, "We have seen His star in the East and come to worship him"?—*Don C. Seitz, journalist and biographer of Joseph Pulitzer.*

that it has made all things masters of men.—*E. M. Nicholson, English critic.*

THE ecstasy of religion, the ecstasy of art, the ecstasy of love, are the only things worth thinking about or experiencing. It is a trinity. These three are all one thing; they are three phases of creation. At supreme moments in the creative processes of art, love and religion, the human spirit identifies itself with the gods; the individual spirit breaks the bonds and merges with all spirit. People sometimes smile at the instant of death with an expression similar to the look of passionate love; perhaps in both cases the look is due to a spiritual release and a spiritual contact.—*Don Marquis, poet-journalist.*

WE live more in a pleasure-seeking than in a pleasure-finding age.—*Lord Grey of Fallodon, one of England's elder statesmen.*

COMEDY is possible only in a highly civilized country; for in a comparatively barbarous one the people cannot bear to have their follies ridiculed.—*G. Bernard Shaw, dramatist and diagnostician of social maladies.*

AS education is now organized, Catholic children think Protestants are wicked, and English-speaking children believe atheists are wicked, French children hate German children, and German children hate French. When schools undertake to teach opinions which cannot be intellectually defended, as most of them do, they are compelled to give the impression that those who hold opposite views are wicked, as otherwise they cannot generate the passion required for repelling the assaults of reason. Thus for the sake of orthodoxy are children rendered uncharitable, intolerant, cruel and bellicose.—*Bertrand Russell, English philosopher, sociologist, and publicist.*

EVERY citizen wants to preserve what he thinks is good; every citizen wants to improve what he thinks is bad; every citizen wants to look after his own private interests. These three desires are mingled in everybody, but in different proportions. A preponderance of the first makes a reactionary; a preponderance of the second makes a progressive; a preponderance of the third makes a self-seeker and a place-hunter. Undue excess of any of the three produces a more or less evil result. Excess of the third no doubt produces the worst result; yet the third desire lies at the very root of true prosperity.—*Arnold Bennett, novelist and essayist.*

THIS new immigration law of ours is already doing the country a world of good. Our immigrants are coming to us to-day, a limited, steady, daily pouring in of the relative flower of Europe, picked in advance by our consuls abroad, ready and willing to become a productive part of ourselves—to be Americans in hand and heart. As between Northwestern Europe and the South and East they enter in just about the same proportions that are found in the stock of the hundred millions of us who are already here. It is like to like, all along the line. That is right, and that is safe, and that is fair to all. America must be kept American. Our immigration charter of 1924 is keeping it so.—*Henry H. Curran, United States Immigration Commissioner.*

THE American people attribute their greatness to extraordinary energy and ability, but in fact this greatness is built on what is at best an accident—the possession of a rich virgin soil and vast natural resources.—*George A. Shreiner, journalist and author.*

LITERATURE is produced not by taking pains, but by having them. The whole sum of objective material must pass in and out of the writer's consciousness, and be chemically combined there until, touching the consciousness of the reader, it explodes and fires the mind.—*Mary Austin, author, dramatist and publicist.*

THE patent-medicine business flourishes on credulity. It is lack of knowledge, not dearth of brains, that breeds credulity; and the intelligentsia are more easily gulled by a quack who knows how to word his appeal than are the illiterate. The patent-medicine business is ever adjusting its products to the public health laws and its appeals to the latest fashionable scientific jargon. Just so long as it obeys

these dictates it will survive.—*Arthur J. Cramp, specialist in nostrums and quackery.*

THOSE to whom a commonplace appears to be extraordinary are rare, but they are precious, since they, and they alone, have built up our minds. They are the creators of human intelligence, the wide-eyed individuals who point out to the mass of mankind what has been accepted as a matter of routine. They are the poets, religious leaders, story-tellers, philosophers, theologians, artists, scientists, inventors. Commonly unnoticed things excite a strange and compelling curiosity in them, and each new question sets them on a fresh quest. They see where others are blind, hear where others are deaf. They form the noble band of wonderers.—*James Harvey Robinson, psychologist.*

Senator Charles Curtis

Kansas Furnishes a Floor Leader to Succeed Henry Cabot Lodge

SUCCEEDING the late Henry Cabot Lodge as floor leader of the United States Senate, Charles Curtis of Kansas, after a generation of toil in the shadows has reached a place in the sun of popular observation. In other words, he has been elevated by his G. O. P. colleagues from the obscure position of majority whip in the upper house of Congress to that of majority leader. As Republican party whip and assistant floor leader, Senator Curtis had no nation-wide renown, although he has been for years one of the most important and active cogs in the legislative machine. But his Senatorial doings have not been of a character to inspire newspaper copy, and thus he appears almost as a new arrival in the public eye.

Senator Curtis, observes John Billings, Jr., in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, is not a statesman in the florid and rhetorical sense, but he is a legislative technician of the highest order. He knows the varied elements of human nature that make up the Senate, and with this knowledge he has sat quietly in the rear of the chamber day in and day out, pulling the strings that keep the show going in proper and parliamentary order. As party whip he had no large hand in framing programs for legislation. He dealt almost exclusively in legislative strategy, how to turn a G. O. P. Senatorial program into law. Now he ascends the ladder and will be called upon to do major work in the carpentry of such a program.

Sixty-four years ago the future Senator was born near Topeka, Kansas, which remains his home. The validity of his Americanism is strengthened by the fact that in his veins runs a certain measure—one-quarter—of Kaw Indian blood. This is noticeable in his features.

His grandmother was a full-blooded Indian maiden, named Julie Poppin, who married a French voyageur and to

whom she bore a daughter. Into the Kaw country came in time a young American pioneer of English extraction, whose name was Curtis, to trade with the red men. He married Julie Poppin's daughter and their son is Senator Curtis.

Were his life being filmed for the movies, records W. A. Du Puy, in the N. Y. *Times*, the first set would be arranged as of 1870. Curtis would be shown as an Indian lad, playing about the reservation 60 miles west of Topeka.

"The village is asleep in the sunshine, the warriors of the tribe lulled into a lazy inactivity by the possession of their ration from the Government and by the abundance of buffalo meat. The quiet life led by those Kaw Indians, however, was not shared by other tribes to the west, among whom were the Cheyennes, habitually given to uprisings, and the ancestral enemies of the Kaws.

"It was midday when the Cheyenne warriors, decked out in feathers and war paint, swept down on the quiet camp of the Kaws. Curtis and some of the other Indian children were playing near the stream, and he remembers how the attacking Indians rode in circles about the camp, raining their shower of arrows upon it. He remembers also how the defenders barricaded themselves as best they could and fought off the enemy, holding them at bay until nightfall. The outcome of this battle on the plains, a battle typical of those that characterized the native life of the West for years before the white man thrust himself into it, had not been settled when night fell.

"The first desire of the peaceful Kaws was to send a call for help to the whites, sixty miles away at Topeka. A messenger must be sent through the enemy lines. Alrady the Cheyennes had captured the horses, so the trip to Topeka must be made on foot. Charlie Curtis, part Indian and part white, was selected to make the trip, because he had been over the road before and knew the language of both peoples. He succeeded in getting through the Indian lines, in covering the sixty miles, no

mean journey for a boy of 10, and in sending relief in time to save his tribe."

As a young man, we read, he had a passion for horses, and because of his abbreviated stature he early became a jockey whose fame echoed around the race tracks of the Middle West. But he was ambitious and before reaching his twenties came to the conclusion that riding racehorses would never land him where he wanted to go. Therefore he quit the turf and went to high school, earning money for his support in the following manner:

"In Topeka there was a certain livery stable in the back of which were a very dilapidated old hack and two superannuated nags, the owner of which had given them up as useless. Charlie Curtis went to this livery stable man and struck a bargain with him: He, Curtis, would drive the hack with the two ambling skeletons about Topeka if their owner would give him a share of the fares collected. It was agreed and thereupon Curtis hitched up the horses to the hack and set forth in search of passengers.

"Now, people in Topeka then knew Charlie Curtis and liked him. They realized the struggle he was making for an education. Thus, more as acts of friendly assistance than as proposition of value received, everybody rode in Charlie's hack.

"He had more fares than he could care for. He studied during the day and spent the evenings driving most of the town of Topeka about in his dusty old conveyance behind creatures ready for the bone yard. He made money, purchased the outfit for himself, and made more money. And all the while his studies were progressing rapidly. . . . At the age of 21 he was admitted to the Bar, but it was not until some months later that he found he could make enough money at the law to give up hacking."

The next step from the law was in the direction of politics. When he was barely 24 he was elected prosecuting attorney for his county and made a brilliant record. Already it was plain that the man had something in him which would advance him a long way toward the upper levels of political success. He progressed from the Kansas Legislature to a Congressmanship and then to a

Senatorship, it being of interest to note that Curtis, had his service in the Senate been continuous, would now be the sixth ranking member of both parties, with only Warren, Smoot and La Follette as Republicans ahead of him. As it is, he stands fourteenth in point of seniority for the whole Senate.

Chiefly characteristic of the new Republican floor leader is his smooth and tactful manner in dealing with men and affairs. Veteran occupants of the Senate gallery are aware that the man does not know the meaning of excitement. He sits firmly in the boat and, we are assured, "under his leadership there will be no futile splashing of oars on the part of the majority."

In appearance, Senator Curtis is round and short to the verge of burliness. He wears dark clothes invariably, and rather loose-fitting. His face is set off with a pair of twinkling eyes full of latent humor, and a drooping mustache that was more in fashion twenty years ago. He does not try to keep himself spruced up particularly. One would know quickly that he came from a part of the country where people do not give a surplus of thought to dress. But there is about him an easy informal manner which is described as captivating. Behind this Kansan appearance, there is an honest personality which does not try to be anything but what it really is.

Senator Curtis, as majority whip, was the only member of the upper house with a 100 per cent. attendance record. That was part of his job. He had to be on hand every minute of the session.

His duties as party whip have trained him admirably for the post of majority leader, and he is said to be on friendly terms with his colleagues in either party. Having no "lofty intellect," he does not arouse antagonism as did Senator Lodge. The Senators have learned to come to him with their troubles. He knows just what each man is most interested in and, for his fellow Republicans, he has trained himself to look out for their interests in their absence. He can tell from definite knowledge just what the vote will be on any proposition be-

fore it is taken, because he keeps in touch with each Senator and learns his inclinations. This information is invaluable to the majority, because upon it is based their entire legislative strategy. But it is not a flash job and Curtis has practiced discretion and caution. He never takes a step forward before he knows where his foot is going to be planted.

A shrewd politician himself, Curtis does not waste much time with the usual

tomfoolery of politics. Regular in his party affiliations as the movement of the sun, he manages to keep his home fences in pretty good repair, with the result that Kansas now looks upon him as one of its prize institutions. He maintains his contacts with the folks back home by means of voluminous correspondence with the Republican leaders of the Sunflower State and leaves all the handshaking to his colleague, Senator Capper.

Lord Allenby

Britain's Indispensable Man of the Hour in Egypt

IN these restless days, the man on the spot in the British Empire is apt to be the man in the spotlight. And not for the first time in his venturesome career, a certain cavalry officer named Edmund Allenby steps coolly into the center of the stage described as history. Like Clive, Warren Hastings, Cecil Rhodes and our own William Penn, this quiet viscount, who prefers a lounge suit to his field marshal's uniform, will be reckoned forever among mankind's empire-builders.

To Allenby's peculiar prestige in the Orient Kitchener himself never attained. He is not only a brilliant general who also succeeded as a statesman. To Asia, he is Kismet—a man, not of ability alone, but of fate, whose very name is mystical. Allenby is an emanation of destiny.

Centuries ago, the men of vision used to say that the restorer of Jerusalem would be "God and His Prophet," who would enter the Holy City, unarmed and on foot. Claiming to be the All Highest and chattering of Mohammed, the Kaiser ignored the tradition; and, mounting his horse, drove his way through a breach in Zion's sacred walls. "The happiest of Crusaders"—to quote Earl Haig's title for Allenby—observed the prescribed ritual. This, it may be said, was no more than a sagacious piece of diplomacy; yet even the skeptic was

awed when, at the dramatic scene, it was recalled how Allenby's name—otherwise Allah-Nobi—signifies "God" and "Prophet." Against such a coincidence to argue with an Arab is futile.

It was a million to one against Allenby thus serving the cause of a liberated Palestine. At that great school, Haileybury, he was intended for the Indian Civil Service, but was "flunked" in the examinations. Only by mischance, therefore, did he enter the military college at Sandhurst—England's West Point—as a cadet; and thence he obtained a commission in the Inniskilling Dragoons. Active service followed. In the eighties, he was winning his spurs among the Bechuanas and the Zulus. During the South African war, his rank was Adjutant. And in "the Contemptibles" which faced Von Kluck, as he swept into France through Belgium, Allenby commanded the cavalry. It was his mounted men who covered the retreat of that other cavalry officer, Lord French. Such strategy of movement suited Allenby's daring disposition. He revelled in a campaign, developed as a game of chess. And when the war became static, Allenby hated to dig himself in.

But on the west front, his genius could not be denied. He was given command of the Fifth Army Corps and, in his sector, it seemed as if things fre-

quently happened. Allenby displayed resource. And one day, a clever drive netted 50,000 Germans. And the world learned later that Allenby had been appointed to the command in Syria.

Things there were already moving. Like Moses, Sir Archibald Murray had left Egypt and had traversed the desert of Sinai. His pipeline was bringing the waters of the Nile—again, according to prophecy—to the gates of Gaza. His railway leaped the Suez Canal. All was ready for some Joshua to appear who would actually enter the Promised Land. That Joshua proved to be Allenby.

His equipment was all his own. It included fresh vegetables, daily from Egypt, which kept his health up to par. Then, he slipped a Bible into his kit bag and read it with an absorbing attention. His entire army became a Sunday School class. Here was Tommy Atkins, if you please, hobnobbing familiarly with the landscape which, substantially unchanged, had determined the tactics of Samson and Gideon, of David and of Saul. Allenby studied the Battle of Michmash, where Jonathan took the Philistines in the rear; and he repeated it, climbing the rocks that Jonathan climbed, crossing the half acre of ground that Jonathan crossed, and so attacking the Turks by surprise. Not for nothing is Allenby now the Viscount "of Megiddo." It was the Battle of Armageddon by which he captured Jerusalem.

Built solid, his nickname has been "the Bull." And he has displayed the qualities of John Bull at their highest pitch of imagination. As he advanced on Palestine, his munitions included dolls and other toys for the kiddies. The Diplomatic Agent of the United States at Cairo was Hampson Gary. And on the morning of the Battle of Megiddo, Allenby entertained Mrs. Gary at breakfast. She had her two children with her. And Allenby spread out his maps and actually explained to those youngsters precisely what would be his plans that day. One seeks in vain for any other case of a Com-



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THE BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER
IN EGYPT

Viscount Allenby, who virtually is ruling the land of the Pharaohs, is described as "the happiest crusader."

mander-in-Chief thus entrusting his secrets to such juvenile friends.

Palestine fascinated Allenby. Here he was—back once more in the era of cavalry. "He turned them Turks

proper, too," said one of his soldiers, "with his jolly old hawses. Always said he would. Never knew a man who thought so much of a hawse as Allenby. Odd fellow. Balmy about cavalry. We thought that sort of thing was finished. All but old Allenby. He would have his hawse." And so while his son "went west" in his old regiment of dragoons, Allenby, with the precision of a chess player and the punctuality of a chronometer, surrounded his objective and captured Jerusalem without firing a shot at the ancient city. He selected Moslem sentries for the Sacred Places and the Jews brought back from Jaffa their Holy Law.

When Egypt boiled over, Allenby was clearly "the indispensable" for Britain's business on the Nile. "I have not come to Egypt," said he mildly, "with the gallows or the axe." Nor did he rattle the sabre. He might be High Commissioner, but let King Fuad be His Majesty, and let Zaghloul Pasha be his Prime Minister, responsible to Egypt's Parliament. A few soldiers along the Suez Canal and a little irrigation in the Soudan—these were all that Allenby asked of the Egyptian nationalists. And the soldiers would be unseen—the irrigation would be unfelt. Let Egypt be amenable over these details and she would be welcomed into the League of Nations, and would be permitted a considerable latitude in her perennial misgovernment by venal politicians. She would even be allowed

to undermine the magnificent finance of Cromer and to default on her debt—so reviving the glories of a bankrupt independence.

Egypt kicked. The King was not enough. The Prime Minister was not enough. The Parliament was not enough. The graft and jobbery and drift to insolvency were not enough. Britain must clear out of the Soudan and must surrender the Suez Canal. In London was Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister. Let him toe the line and play the pacifist.

Even MacDonald stood out against these terms. And Allenby, in his lounge suit, waited. The Sirdar, or Commander, of the Egyptian Army was Sir Lee Stack. One fine day, he was attacked in the street with bombs and bullets. In a word, he was assassinated. And then Allenby struck hard. He would have neither argument nor equivocation. Backed by a government that included Churchill and Birkenhead, he demanded a fine of \$2,500,000, to be paid within 24 hours, and other reparations. Zaghloul resigned. A few students cut their lectures. Two platoons at Khartoum mutinied and were rounded up. And the immediate crisis, at any rate, was over.

With a minimum of fuss, feeling and bloodshed, Allenby has restored the prestige threatened, and now sits back in his chair, still clad in a lounge suit; and American visitors are invited to Egypt this winter for a rest cure.

John Hertz

Makes Millions Building Yellow Cabs and Selling Dime Bus Rides

THE earliest thing known about John Hertz is that he ran away from home at the age of twelve because his father gave him a switch-ing. The latest is that he has merged the Fifth Avenue bus system in New York and the Chicago Motor Coach Company into the \$25,000,000 Omnibus Company of America, of which he is Chair-

man of the Board of Directors, and which eventually will have a part in the operation of motor coaches throughout the world. Between these two signal events in a career which seems yet in its early stages, John Hertz had given this country its first dependable taxicab service and had become several times a millionaire.

No matter what developments come out of the huge new bus system—and its plans are most ambitious—this quiet and paradoxically simple Hungarian-born Chicagoan of forty-seven will likely be remembered as the father of the Yellow Taxicab and of some 800 Yellow Taxicab Companies around the country. The passenger-carrying concerns in which he is directly interested have a market worth of more than \$100,000,000.

His story, as recited by Lawrence Stern, in the *N. Y. World*, is in some respects one of the most engaging in the annals of American business, not because he sold his school books, ran away from home and became a millionaire in his thirties, but because he revolutionized a great American industry, with which millions of people are in intimate contact, and brought its cost to the public to a level hitherto thought impossible. In the process he probably came nearer than any other American capitalist to a basic solution of the hackneyed, but chronic, "labor problem."

Marrying in his early twenties, when automobiles were just beginning to be considered something more than curiosities, Hertz, foreseeing a certain if not great future for the new vehicle, became an automobile salesman. Although, we read, he made only \$1,800 in his first year of selling, he cleared \$12,000 the second year, and in the third sold more cars than all the company's other salesmen combined. "When I sold a man an automobile," he is quoted as saying, "I was his servant from then on. If one of my customers had a breakdown at 2 o'clock in the morning he knew that all he had to do was to telephone me and that I would be on my way to help him out—and cars broke down rather often on those days. I bought supplies for them at cost and did everything I could for them. The result was that my customers sold most of my cars for me."

Hertz went into the automobile business with Walden W. Shaw, a wealthy young fellow who was losing money rapidly. The company was said to have



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"THE FATHER OF THE YELLOW
TAXICAB"

John Hertz, a penniless immigrant boy twenty-five years ago, is a multimillionaire at 47.

been \$45,000 in debt when Hertz paid \$2,000 for a one-third interest in it. After a year it was \$60,000 to the good.

In this business he and his partner gradually acquired many second-hand cars for which there was little or no demand. Hertz decided to put them into the taxicab field. This was his first connection with the business he was to change so materially.

He was scarcely in the taxicab business when his drivers, even then numerous, went on strike. It was a bitter fight, lasting months and involving sabotage and violence. Hertz often rode with his drivers and did battle for them when strikers offered violence. He decided he could win the strike by doing more for his men than they could do for themselves. The idea was to make them partners in the business. It not only won the strike but provided the

backbone of the dependable, courteous, efficient service that made Hertz a captain of industry.

His cabs were painted yellow as a result of his chance reading of a scientific journal detailing color tests which had proved that a certain shade of orange yellow was the most clearly defined to the eye, could be seen farthest and left the most-lasting impression.

It was in 1915 that the first Yellow Taxi appeared on the streets. It has multiplied itself by 3,000 in Chicago alone. Having built up his original Chicago company, which employs about 7,000 persons, Hertz started building taxicabs and selling his service with them to taxicab companies over the country. We read:

"The Yellow Cab Manufacturing Company is in itself an enormous business. It makes about 75 per cent. of all the taxicabs used in this country and has a market value of more than \$30,000,000. It employs more than 25,000 workers. With the

taxicabs sold go the Hertz service. It has been so successful that no Yellow Taxicab Company has ever failed to prosper. There are now such companies in 800 cities. When they start, Hertz accountants aid them in installing a tried and successful business and bookkeeping system. These companies now employ more than 50,000 men. Last year they carried about 150,000,000 passengers.

"A few years ago, Hertz entered the motor bus field on a large scale, becoming chief of the Chicago bus system. This company now operates 480 busses over 109 miles of streets, only two and one-half miles of which have surface car lines.

"This company owns a minority interest in the St. Louis Motor Coach Company and negotiations are on to acquire complete control of the latter for the new Omnibus Corporation. The company now operates an average of 303 busses over twenty-five miles of New York streets. It not only expects eventually to operate almost 1,000 busses in Chicago, but to extend its bus service to other large cities in this country and Canada."

Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia

Late in America, She Sees Visions of Herself as Czarina

OF Victoria, Queen of England, it may be truly claimed that she has been as formidable in her granddaughters as she was in herself. These great ladies are usually the very personifications of the true Windsor ceremonial. One of them was, until the revolution, the Czarina of Russia. Others are Queen Marie of Rumania, and ex-Queen Sophie of Greece; nor must we overlook the "Princess Pat" of Connaught who, as wife of Captain Ramsay, has found it so hard to dispense with the royal status and go shopping in Bond Street as a mere Commoner. Add, also, the Queen of Spain.

One of these proud princesses has been visiting the United States. In the *Almanac de Gotha* she is entered as the Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia. And like other Russians of royal blood, she lives at a safe distance from Trotzky and the Bolsheviks. Yet she is more

than a lady-in-exile. In a somewhat unusual sense, she is a lady-in-waiting. And what she waits for is the most dazzling throne, as it would be, in Europe. The Grand Duchess Cyril sees visions of herself as Czarina. She hopes, one day, to wear those crown jewels at Moscow which the Communists guard so carefully in their Kremlin. And that is why she alights in New York. This country is, she thinks, the last hope of Russian royalism. We dislike the Soviets. We must hanker, therefore, after the Czardom! So runs the argument.

The Grand Duchess bears a very marked resemblance to her somewhat fairer sister, Queen Marie of Rumania. She is not only a Hanoverian but a Romanoff, and the Romanoff girls are usually goddesses. If her grandmother was Queen Victoria, her grandfather was Czar Alexander II.; and to the dignity

of the one has been added the stature of the other. Marie Antoinette of France was not more striking in her misfortune than was this lady's cousin, the late Czarina, done to death at Ekaterinbourg. And the Grand Duchess has not failed to win the sympathy with which romance surrounds a fallen dynasty.

Before the blow fell on the Czardom, her career had been, indeed, chequered by failure. She had been married to the Grand Duke of Hesse—the brother of the late Czarina—but she claimed a divorce. The Russian Court did not forgive the insult. And when the Grand Duchess accepted the hand of the Czar's cousin, Cyril, the quarrel was so embittered that the two of them were exiled. Of all the Grand Dukes, Cyril was the least beloved. His manners were overbearing. His capacity for pleasure was unbounded. And his record in the Russo-Japanese War aroused contempt. He served at Port Arthur on Admiral Makharoff's flagship, *The Petropavlovsk*, which was sunk by a mine. Out of a crew of 600, only 30 survived, and the Admiral was not included. But Cyril was saved, unhurt. And the comment of a newspaper in Moscow was, "Russia has suffered two great disasters. The gallant Makharoff has been drowned and the Grand Duke Cyril has been saved."

Cyril thus enjoys the rare distinction of having been as unwelcome in Russia under the Czar as he would be under the Soviet. If, then, he ever becomes Emperor, he will be forced, after the custom of the Romanoffs, to put the crown on his own head. And over his claims, the Royalists themselves are acutely divided. There is more than one applicant for the somewhat dangerous yet eagerly desired job of restoring the splendors of Russian monarchy.

To begin with, there still lives in Denmark that venerable dowager-Czarina, Marie, sister of Queen Alexandra, who is mother of the murdered "Nicky." Her attitude is as courageous as it is characteristic. She denies that her son and his family have been



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SHE ASPIRES TO SHARE THE THRONE OF RUSSIA

The Grand Duchess Victoria Feodorovna, wife of Grand Duke Cyril, visited America seeking financial support, it is said.

killed. And she refuses to permit prayers to be said for their souls. To Cyril and his aspiring Grand Duchess, therefore, the stubborn old dowager answers, "There is no vacancy."

Secondly, there is the Grand Duke Nicholas who commanded Russia's armies for a while in the Great War. He is the active head of the exiled royalists and appears to be by far the ablest of the Romanoffs. He sees a chance of reorganizing Russia on the basis of a federal and constitutional monarchy. And he has no use for his gay cousin, the Grand Duke Cyril. It is Nicholas whose group is said to be holding in secret the ashes of the late Czar, brought from Ekaterinbourg to France. And these ashes would be carried back at a restoration of the throne, and would replace Lenin's as a relic for loyal and superstitious veneration.

Wilson Portrayed in Glowing Colors

William Allen White's Estimate of Our War President

BY all odds the best of the four biographies of Woodrow Wilson appearing in America in 1924 is that* written by William Allen White. The publishers of this book go so far as to say that Mr. White was "ideally fitted" for the task which he undertook in writing it. Be that as it may, we can hardly deny his power as a writer and his influence as a public figure. A representative editor of the *Middle West*, a close student of and participant in national affairs, a co-worker with Wilson in Paris though himself an independent Republican, he had unique qualifications for producing a book of real interest and lasting importance. His opportunities for first-hand observation have been many, and he has supplemented this with extensive researches in the South and elsewhere.

The new book is nothing if not a colorful portrait, and it has all the charm of a well-written novel. Mr. White, while proclaiming himself "a benevolent enemy" of Wilson and denying to him "a first-class mind," is actually very much of a hero-worshipper. His few adverse criticisms, and, in particular, his statement on the first page of his introduction that Wilson was "neither God nor fiend, but in his political career rather a shy, middle-aged gentleman with the hoar frost of the cloister upon his public manner," seem only intended to heighten, by contrast, the rhetorical passages in which, toward the end of the book, he extols Wilson as "a world conqueror."

The key to Wilson's contradictory temperament is found by Mr. White in his mingled ancestry—the paternal Wilson strain of Irish and the maternal Woodrow strain of North British. "From both sides," we are told, "came

the forward urge—the knack for enterprises which we hope is progress; the spirit that moves the pioneer, the crusader, the martyr. From the Woodrows came the capacity for slow, continuous, dogged, undramatic, spiritual struggle. . . . From the Wilson heritage came the gay fighting blood of the Irish; contentious, imaginative, often vain, but never cold in pride; restlessly following the call of eerie fairies to lovely and surprising things."

Passing on to describe, in sympathetic fashion, the emergence of Wilson from his boyhood home in Augusta, Georgia, through student days at Princeton and the University of Virginia, to a professorship in Princeton and then to the presidency of the University, Mr. White conveys the impressions of a man of thought and of books who was more and more irked by the burdens of teaching. The time was at hand when Wilson felt that he must *act*, rather than talk. His opportunity for escape from academic life came in connection with the wave of liberalism which was rising through the country about the year 1910. This wave, according to Mr. White, had been pioneered by Theodore Roosevelt, had been checked by Taft, and was now to reach its fullest strength. On its crest Wilson was carried, first, into the highest position that his State could give him, and, later, into the White House.

As a liberal thrust into the very center of national affairs Wilson may be said to have acquitted himself brilliantly. His Federal Reserve banking system, now ten years old, was his outstanding legislative achievement. But he also succeeded, in the Panama tolls matter and in his attitude toward Mexico, in injecting a new and idealistic spirit into foreign policies. He was aiming to put unselfish interest in orderly government ahead of any material interest of the United States.

* WOODROW WILSON: THE MAN, HIS TIMES AND HIS TASK. By William Allen White. Houghton Mifflin.

There was often something inhuman about him on the personal side. He seemed at times to possess an almost vampire-like instinct for absorbing men's minds and hearts and then throwing them away. Mr. White rehearses the amazing record of friends and helpers sloughed off in fairly quick succession. It included, in the early years of his political career, James Smith, George L. Record, Harvey, Watterson, Bryan and McCombs. It was soon to include House, Lansing and even his faithful secretary Tumulty.

Mr. White makes it clear that Wilson, just because his life was so keyed to ideas, rather than to people, needed all the affection that he could get. He offers a very idealistic account of the three women in Wilson's life. There was Ellen Axson, his first wife, a Presbyterian preacher's daughter, who bore him three daughters and with whom he lived in what is described as loyal and affectionate comradeship for twenty-nine years. There was Mary Hulbert Peck, whom he met in Bermuda and to whom he wrote some two hundred letters. Mr. White has read these letters and says that, despite salacious gossip to the contrary, they were perfectly harmless and could all have been published in the *Sunday School Times*. There was, finally, Edith Bolling Galt, who became Wilson's second wife and accompanied him to Europe.

Some of the best writing in Mr. White's book traces Woodrow Wilson's development from a pacifist into a war president. We are told of a "Sunrise Conference" held in the early morning hours at the White House in the spring of 1915, following the sinking of the *Lusitania*. At this conference, attended by Congressman Claude Kitchin, Democratic House leader, Congressman



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WOODROW WILSON AND HIS SECRETARY

Joseph P. Tumulty is described by William Allen White as "a stocky, blond, blue-eyed Irishman, with thin, soft curly hair, in his mid-thirties" at the time when he became Woodrow Wilson's secretary. He was Wilson's Man Friday for ten years.

Henry D. Flood, of the House Foreign Relations Committee, and Speaker Champ Clark, of the House, Wilson is said to have announced his intention to put the United States into the War immediately. "The Democratic leaders," Mr. White writes, "were thinking in terms of a Democratic Congress. They, and not Wilson, seem to have kept us out of war in May, 1915. Yet it is characteristic of Woodrow Wilson that he stood manfully against the uproar and contumely hurled at him by the war party in America during that spring of 1915; let men call him coward and pettifogger, and said not one word in his own defense, released no whit of the truth which would have shielded him from the scorn and abuse of his enemies."

If Woodrow Wilson suffered by comparison with Theodore Roosevelt, one of his chief critics and opponents, the reason must be sought in the fact that he lacked the power of dramatizing himself. But Wilson, as Mr. White interprets him, possessed a spiritual power that Roosevelt never could have reached. His statement in a Philadelphia speech in 1915 that "there is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight" was, according to Mr. White, a courageous appeal to the philosophy of Jesus in the hearts of men. In the heat of the War itself he could never forget that man is spirit, as well as body. Mr. White writes, finely:

"Woodrow Wilson, the administrator, the head of the Army and Navy, put into battle millions of men, and treasure beyond the dream of avarice. During the nineteen months of the War, those men and that treasure, hurtling out of the catapult of our physical fortress, crashed into the German forces terrifically. Probably no conqueror in the world, not Philip of Macedon, not Caesar, not Genghis Khan, not Napoleon, ever in so short a time assembled so much death-dealing force against an enemy. Wilson meeting force with force was Ajax hurling thunderbolts. And yet, what he did with force will crumble. If only force had conquered the Kaiser, he and his kind could return again. But the conflict in the upper zone,

the weapons of the spirit, the thunderbolts of reason, the shafts of resistless logic, Wilson's will for a more abundant life on this planet, his vision of a new order, his call to a nobler civilization, the Olympian debate which he began April 2, 1917, and continued for three years until he was stricken—that is a part of the conquest of this war that leaves him a world conqueror, the only one whose fortifications will not turn to dust."

There is ample ground for criticism of Wilson's course both before and after his visits to Paris in the interest of the Versailles Treaty and the Covenant of the League of Nations, yet the verdict of history on his achievement, Mr. White affirms, is likely to be a positive rather than a negative one. "He played a great game, and posterity may call it a successful game," Mr. White concludes:

"Whether or not Wilson will live as a world figure depends not so much upon what work he has done as upon what the chance of time and circumstance will do with his work. He must live or die in world fame bound up in the League of Nations. If that stands he may tower beside it as the Washington of a world federation. If the league crumbles, if in the inscrutable ways of Providence some other method is devised by men to institutionalize their yearnings for peace, then Wilson will become one of the host of good men who spent their zeal striving for futile things. That he put into his endeavor heroic qualities through vigils long of a body which he sacrificed to his ideal as surely as Cranmer gave his body to be burned, will avail nothing when Fame makes her award.

"On the other hand, if his vision becomes reality, then all the petty faults which men saw and fumed about will fall away from him. His strength will survive; his moral courage will stand out. The fire of his words will not be quenched, and the sword of his faith will flame at the gates of a new order. This much we know of Woodrow Wilson surely: If Fame does come to him through the conjunction of time and chance working upon the genius of the race to preserve the structure which he provisioned in his hour of trial, Fame will find a man here—a clean, brave, wise, courageous man—ready-made for heroic stature."

White Monkey and Errant Sailor

Disturbing Beauty in Two New English Novels

NO two novels could be more unlike than John Galsworthy's "White Monkey" (Scribner) and John Masefield's "Sard Harker" (Macmillan), but each may be said to find a common denominator in the account that it renders of beauty's disturbing effects in the lives of men. The beauty which leads to endless trouble in both of these stories is primarily connected with women, but ever tends to pass into something much less tangible. It involves what one critic, Percy A. Hutchison, in the *International Book Review* (New York), describes as "spiritual inebriety." Mundane souls, Mr. Hutchison intimates, "may guess at it, but only dimly."

The disturbing figure which dominates Galsworthy's "White Monkey" is Fleur, the daughter of Soames Forsyte, that "man of property" who has furnished the backbone of the three studies of English upper-class life grouped under the title, "The Forsyte Saga." She incarnates the spirit of the younger generation in the post-war period, and she entertains in her Chinese drawing-room literary, musical and artistic celebrities of the ultra-modern sort.

In that room is hung a Chinese painting which perfectly symbolizes the restlessness of her group. It shows a white monkey with unhappy eyes eating fruit and wearily scattering the rinds.

We discover that Fleur has been unable to marry the man of her choice. She has married, instead, and without enthusiasm, Michael Mont, publisher and heir to a baronetcy. She is soon drawn into a violent flirtation with Wilfrid Desert, a young poet.

A girl friend of Fleur's has confessed her ambition to be "the perfect wife of one man, the perfect mistress of another and the perfect mother of a third, all at once," and Fleur has at first been rather fascinated by the idea. She would like to hold Wilfrid without go-

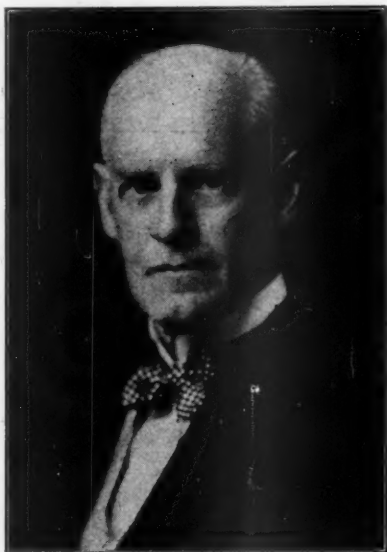


SYMBOLIST AND ADVENTURER

John Masefield's "Sard Harker" appeals not only as a thrilling story of hairbreadth escapes on land and sea, but also as a symbolic presentation of the eternal quest of beauty.

ing the whole way with him, while even her husband, who is deeply in love with her, concedes her right to do as she likes, and looks upon jealousy as a kind of disease to be bravely borne.

This same husband had fought in the War and had come out of it with an "eat and drink, since it is impossible to be really merry, and we die to-morrow, anyway" attitude, tintured at one time by Socialism, but later modified by reality. He suffers torments inflicted by both his wife and his friend. At the very moment when he says that his only code of morals is to "play the game" as others play it, he proclaims the sterility of his group and of all that they are trying to do in the following words:



AN INTERPRETER OF REBELLIOUS
YOUTH

John Galsworthy in his latest novel searches the hearts of that "younger generation" in England which, since the War, has been seeking happiness and has not found it.

"We emancipated people have got into the habit of thinking we're the world—well! we aren't! we're an excrescence, small and noisy. We talk as if all the old values and prejudices had gone; but they've no more gone, really, than the rows of villas and little grey houses. . . . There isn't ten per cent. difference between now and thirty years ago."

In Masefield's novel, "Sard Harker," the disturbing figure of beauty is a woman whom we hardly see and who is not described in any adequate fashion. Harker had met her as a boy in England, had been haunted by her as a sailor, and then, as a mate on board the *Pathfinder* in Spanish-American waters, has had a vision of her one night in which a flowery mansion on the mainland nearby is somehow entwined with the memory of his love. The story, as a whole, is amazing in more senses than one, and its center, describing the hero's journey from Tlotoatin to the sea,

through deserts, stony passes and over snow-covered peaks, is regarded as one of the greatest things that the genius of Mr. Masefield has ever given us. "It is true," Edwin Muir remarks in the *London Nation and Athenaeum*, "that this long passage throws the book out of proportion. . . . But it is so unearthly and beautiful, so incredible and yet so vivid, that one could not wish it shorter." Mr. Muir continues:

"Its unexpected length gives it the unending, involved quality which dreams sometimes have, the sense of one possibility unfolding after another out of the void, and as if they had been invented by an act of the will. The mystical horror of the gorge at whose threshold Harker heard great voices like the sound of the strokes of gigantic hammers, the pure beauty of the scene where he sleeps in an old Spanish church among deserted hills and awakens to feel a smell of burning, have a magical quality beyond praise, because beyond analysis. Unreal as a dream, these scenes are at the same time perfectly clear and exactly outlined, as if Harker's mind had become empty and transparent during his journey, like a crystal globe."

For Hugh Walpole, Sard Harker, in the passage extolled, transcends his personal self and becomes Man, Everyman, Christian of the "Pilgrim's Progress." Mr. Walpole comments (in the *New York Herald-Tribune*):

"It is easy enough to call the history of the adventures through which Sard Harker passes an epic, so many things are called epics which are not so, and so many epics are so tiresome because of their epical quality that we wish to heaven that they were not epics at all. But Masefield, because he is a poet on a really grand scale, is at his best when he is epical as he was in the finest of his writings, 'Galipoli,' and now in the middle of this book he is all poet. The adventures that happen are picaresque in their narrative, that is, they do not develop one out of the other inevitably as, for instance, do the adventures in 'Redgauntlet' or in 'Treasure Island,' but they are rather successive stanzas in one long poem, stanzas of tremendous beauty and force, setting one another off with their contrasted color."

Will Rogers' Literary Round-Up

In Which He Lassoes a Prince, a President and Some Politicians

WILL ROGERS, whose homespun humor has contributed to the amusement of princes, presidents and politicians, and whose sheepish smile continues to be a major box-office magnet for the Ziegfeld "Follies," has at last made his debut as a full-fledged author. "The Illiterate Digest" comes from the press of A. and C. Boni to prove that Will Rogers' charm does not wholly depend on personality, lariat spinning or any other of the vaudeville tricks so dear to the heart of professional entertainers. Jokes minted from the news, casual comment on the manners of the moment, are good for a single telling, but they often cut a sorry figure in print. Reading this collection of short skits, one begins to realize that Rogers' popularity is based on something more substantial than a mere flash of wit, a gift of making capital of current events. Back of his droll exaggerations there lurks a soundness of judgment which cuts deeply into the most sacred superstitions and exposes with genial sarcasm a good many human frailties. Will Rogers is a clown, but he is also a philosopher, even though the billboards fail to advertise him in this rôle. For this reason, perhaps, the cowboy-comedian may find a niche beside Artemus Ward, Bill Nye, Eugene Field and other humorists who have drawn their material from the American scene. Part Cherokee Indian by birth, he has more than a citizen's privilege to criticize the country at large.

In the days when Rogers' grin and his shock head appeared prominently in certain western movies, one felt the "pull" of a genuine personality, a warm-hearted, happy-go-lucky quality which somehow put life into pantomime and caught at the heart as well as the eye. Since then, Rogers has become a theatrical headliner, a crony of the Prince of Wales, pal of statesmen, and now a man of letters.

One of the first to hail "The Illiterate Digest" in the press was "Flo" Ziegfeld himself, who, reviewing the volume, in the New York *Herald-Tribune*, calls it "the funniest book in ten generations"—not wholly without bias.

Herschell Brickell, in the New York *Evening Post*, endorses Will Rogers' sallies with enthusiasm, wisely observing that he can now enjoy the humorist in his dressing-gown, "thus saving the laundry bill on a dress shirt."

Everybody who read the newspapers



THE COURT JESTER OF DEMOCRACY

His full name is William Penn Adair Rogers, and he plays in the crowded world of to-day the same part that the jester played in the courts of long ago.

during the Prince of Wales' recent sojourn here will remember Will Rogers' encounter with the royal visitor on Long Island; how his remarks enlivened a formal luncheon party, and how the Prince finally asked him to engage in a scratch polo game, which is duly reported in "The Illiterate Digest."

Just the other day, at a dinner given by the American Society in London, the Prince of Wales referred to his adventures with Rogers, saying that he was "a great man in New York, and although he picked on me quite a little, we became great friends."

As an equestrian the Prince of Wales has been too severely judged, thinks Rogers. Under the caption, "Warning to Jokers: Lay Off the Prince," we get this new light on a popular fallacy:

"Are the Prince and I supposed to fall with the horse, or are we supposed to stay up there in the air until he gets up, and comes back up under us? Every fall that the Prince has had has been caused by a falling horse, not by being thrown from one. In the future the Prince and I will personally pay in the papers for an extra two lines that will announce that 'the horse going down had something to do with our going off.' England is all worked up over his numerous falls, but up to now no one has manifested much interest in any of mine, only for laughing purposes.

One of the best chapters in the book is that relating Rogers' first appearance before President Wilson, who saluted his act with broad smiles and hearty applause. The episode is told in characteristic style:

"I was on late, and as the show went along I would walk out of the stage door and out on the street and try to kill the time and nervousness until it was time to dress and go on. I had never told jokes even to a President, much less about one, especially to his face. Well, I am not kidding you when I tell you that I was scared to death. I am always nervous. I never saw an audience that I ever faced with any confidence. For no man can ever tell how a given audience will ever take anything.

"But there I was, nothing but a very ordinary Oklahoma cowpuncher who had

learned to spin a rope a little and who had learned to read the daily papers a little, going out before the aristocracy of Baltimore, and the President of the United States, to kid about some of the politics with which he was shaping the destinies of nations. . . . My first remark in Baltimore was, 'I am kinder nervous here to-night.' . . . Then I first pulled the one which I am proud to say President Wilson afterwards repeated to various friends as the best one told on him during the War. I said, 'President Wilson is getting along fine now to what he was a few months ago. Do you realize, people, that at one time in our negotiations with Germany he was 5 Notes behind?'"

To see Will Rogers without his chaps and lariat would be as lamentable a spectacle as to shove him out before the footlights minus his chewing gum. Conversation is not the only thing which keeps the Rogers jaws in motion. No chorus girl in America has chewed more chicle than the redoubtable cowpuncher, according to statistics found in his "Illiterate Digest." While he was out in Hollywood doing some picture work, Rogers took occasion to visit Catalina Island where William Wrigley, the chewing gum magnate, has his home. Hurt because he was regarded with no more favor than an ordinary tourist, Rogers launches into these meditations on the ingratitude of Big Business:

"I know that I have contributed more to the building of that home than any one living. I have not only made chewing gum a pastime but I have made it an art. I have brought it right out in public and chewed before some of the oldest political families of Massachusetts.

"I have had Senator Lodge (who could take the poorest arguments in the world and dress them up in perfect English and sell them), after hearing my act on the stage, say: 'William' (that's English for Will), 'William, I could not comprehend a word of the language you speak, but you do masticate uncompromisingly excellent.'"

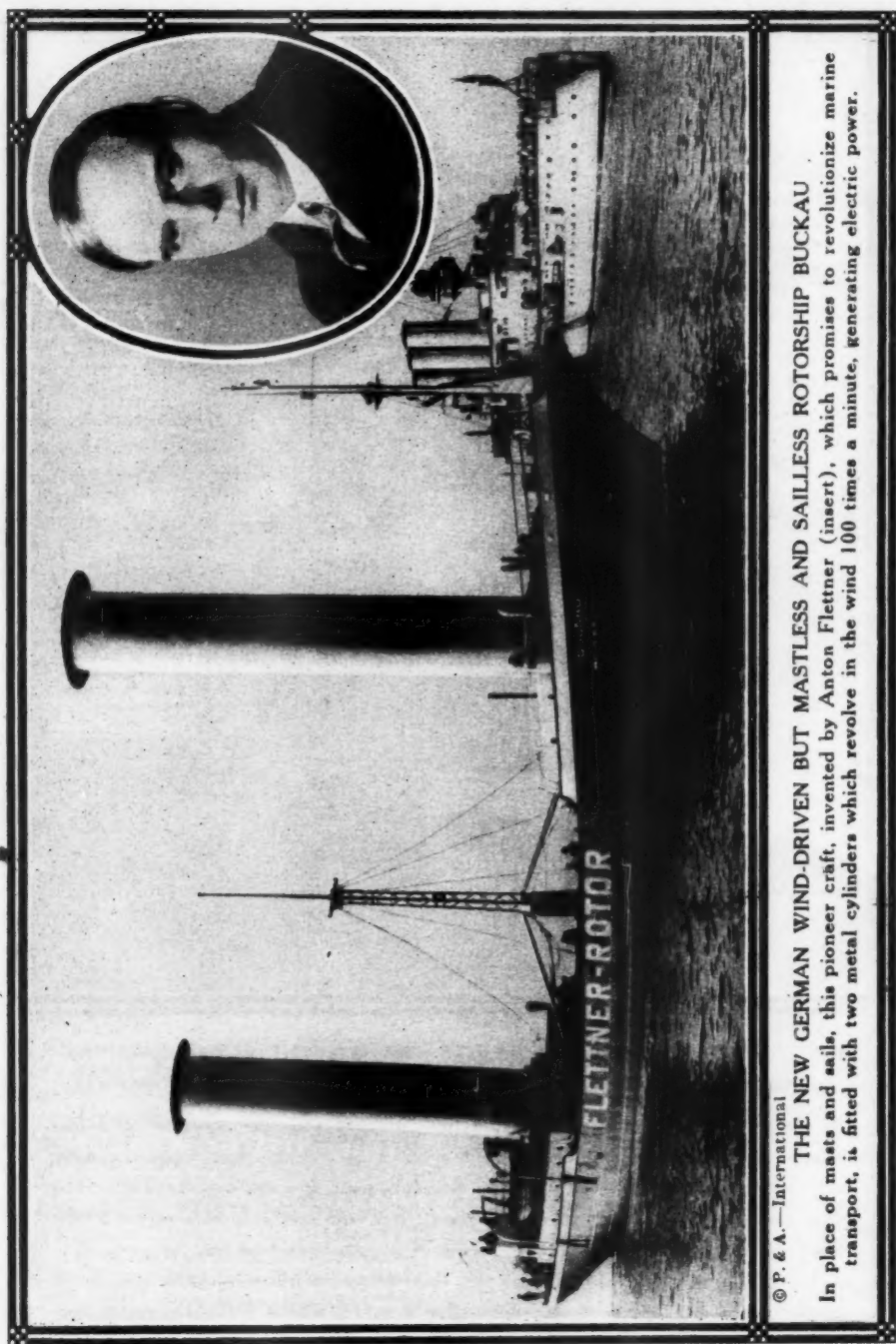
Florenz Ziegfeld has spent a lot of money and energy in "glorifying the American girl"; let it be said also that he has given to the public a humorist no less representative of our native American traditions.



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ENGLAND DESTROYED BLUE PRINTS AND OLD SHIPS IN "DISARMING" AMERICA HAS DESTROYED A NEWLY LAUNCHED DREADNAUGHT

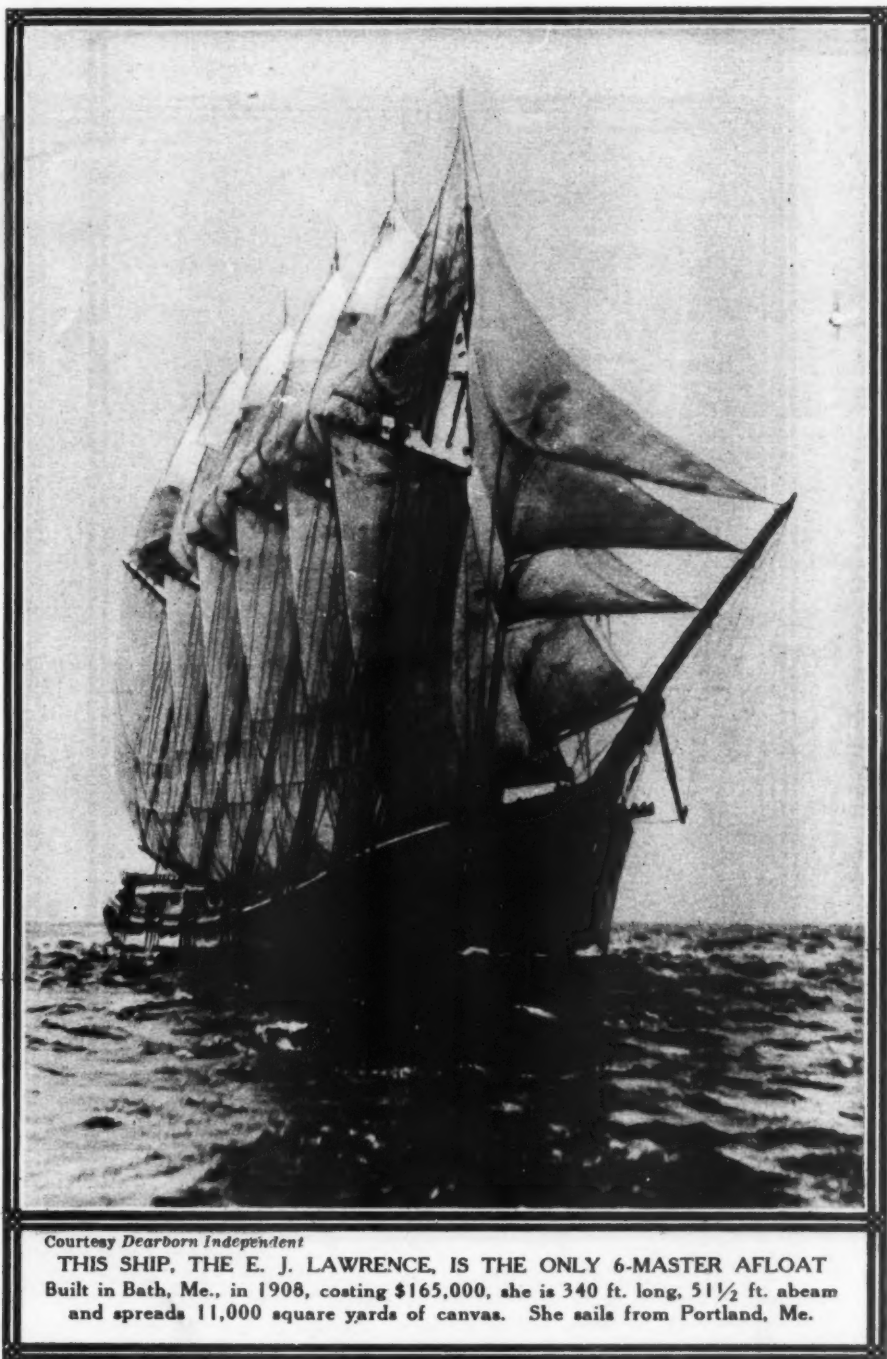
As a most recent result of the Washington Conference on the limitation of armaments, the half completed \$30,000,000 U. S. S. Washington has been sunk off Cape Hatteras after a four-day bombardment by air and by sea. The ship was towed to a point off the Virginia coast, and was used as a target by the gunners of the battleship Texas during broadside practice and for air bombarding practice. For three days the ship remained afloat, despite this heavy bombardment, but she sank as the result of a severe attack below the water line.



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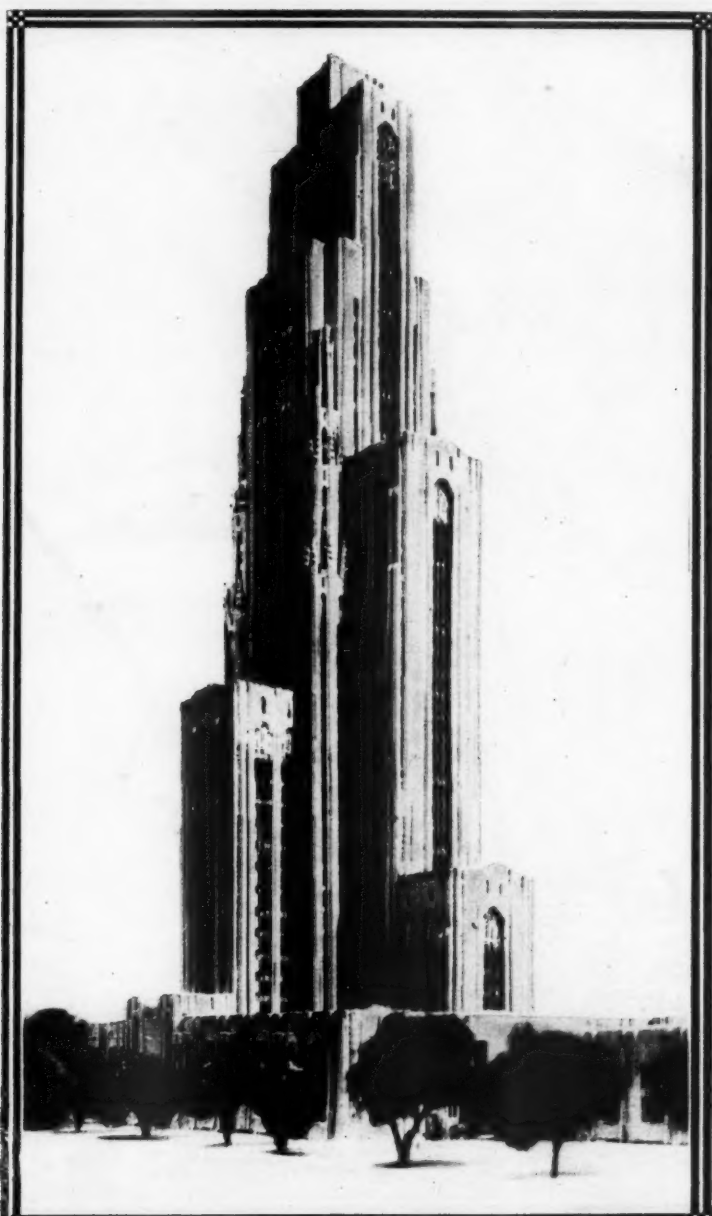
THE NEW GERMAN WIND-DRIVEN BUT MASTLESS AND SAILLESS ROTORSHIP BUCKAU

In place of masts and sails, this pioneer craft, invented by Anton Flettner (insert), which promises to revolutionize marine transport, is fitted with two metal cylinders which revolve in the wind 100 times a minute, generating electric power.



Courtesy Dearborn Independent

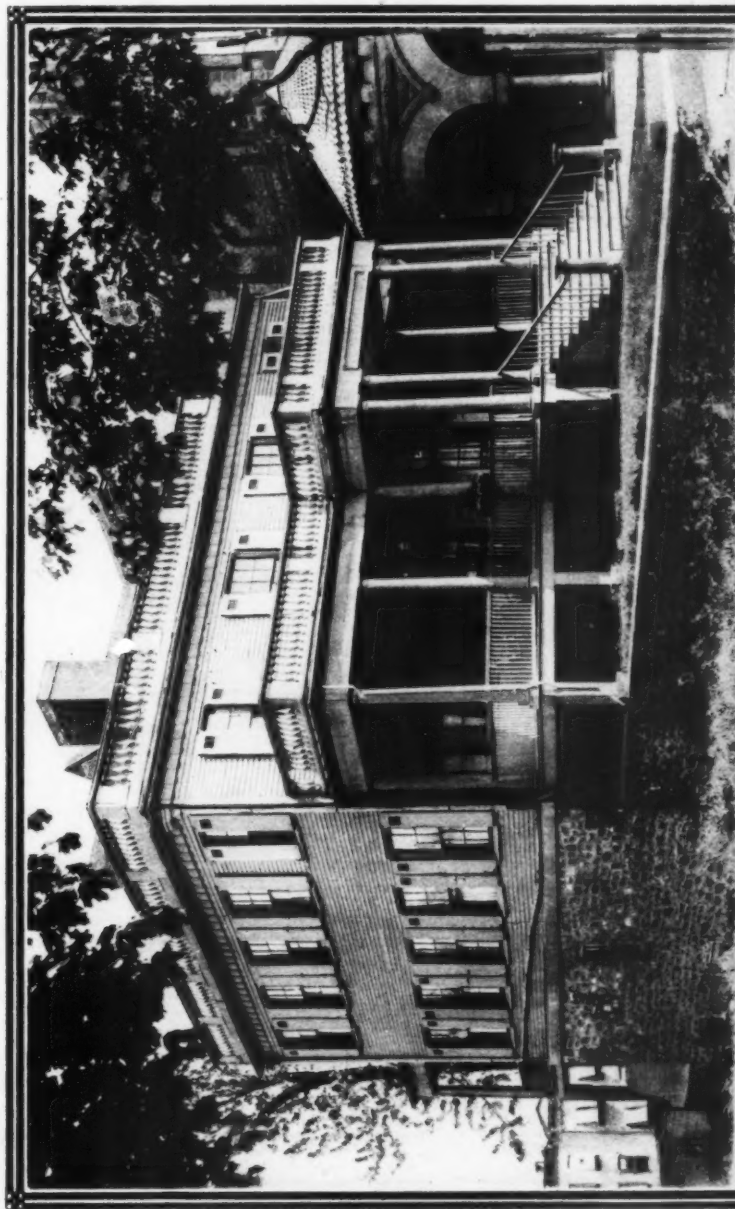
THIS SHIP, THE E. J. LAWRENCE, IS THE ONLY 6-MASTER AFLOAT
Built in Bath, Me., in 1908, costing \$165,000, she is 340 ft. long, 51½ ft. abeam
and spreads 11,000 square yards of canvas. She sails from Portland, Me.



© P & A.

PITTSBURGH UNIVERSITY PLANS A TALL "CATHEDRAL OF LEARNING"

Construction soon to begin on \$10,000,000 edifice, 360 ft. long, 260 ft. wide, 52 stories high, to house 12,000 students. Charles Z. Klauder, architect.



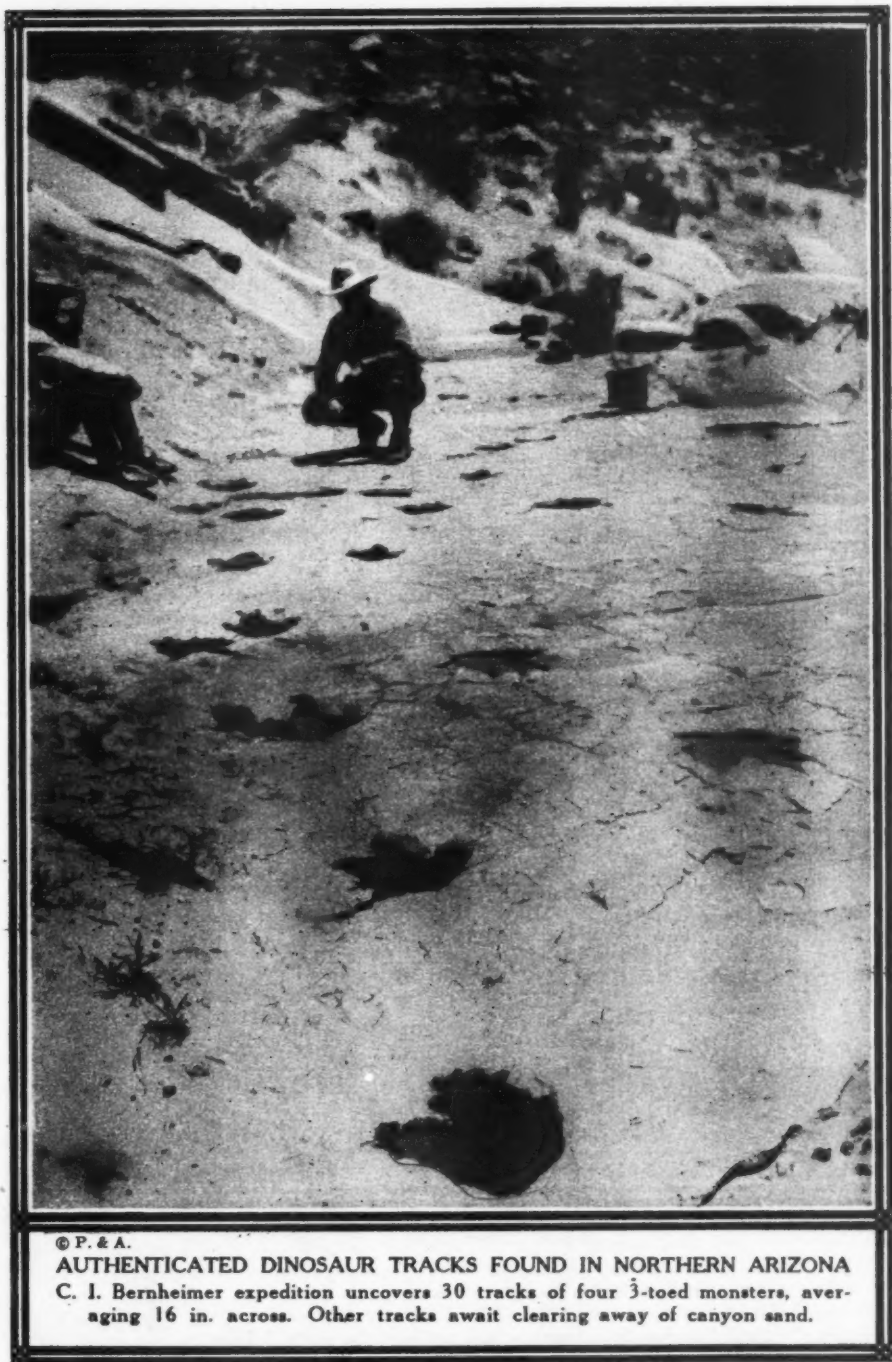
HISTORIC HOME OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON TO BE PRESERVED

Anonymous donor presents mansion at Convent Ave. and 141st Street, New York, at a cost of \$50,000, to American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society. Here Hamilton spent the night before his duel with Aaron Burr.

RULES OF THIS TAVERN

Four pieces a night for Bed
 Six pieces with Supper
 No more than five to sleep
 In one bed
 No Boats to be worn in bed
 Open Grindstones to sleep in
 the Wash house
 No dogs allowed upstairs
 No Beer allowed in the
 Kitchen
 No Dance Grindstones or other
 taken in

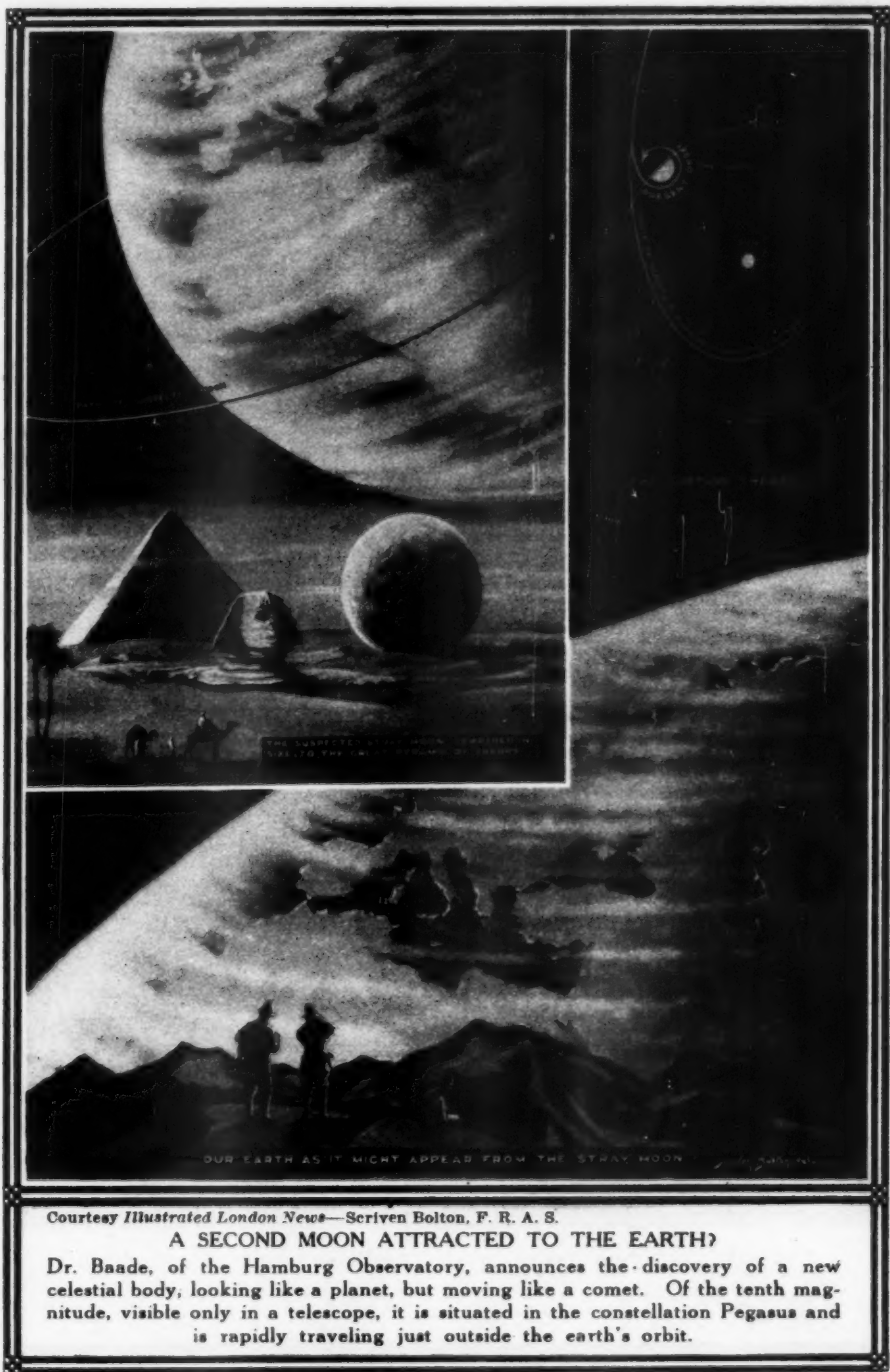
Courtesy Fifth Avenue Association
THIS ROADHOUSE FLOURISHED AT FIFTH AVE. AND 23RD STREET, NEW YORK, IN 1850
 It was supplanted by Franconi's Hippodrome in 1853, by the Fifth Avenue Hotel in 1859, and the site is now occupied
 by the Fifth Avenue Building, on the hundredth anniversary of the famous street.



© P. & A.

AUTHENTICATED DINOSAUR TRACKS FOUND IN NORTHERN ARIZONA

C. I. Bernheimer expedition uncovers 30 tracks of four 3-toed monsters, averaging 16 in. across. Other tracks await clearing away of canyon sand.



Courtesy Illustrated London News—Scriven Bolton, F. R. A. S.

A SECOND MOON ATTRACTED TO THE EARTH?

Dr. Baade, of the Hamburg Observatory, announces the discovery of a new celestial body, looking like a planet, but moving like a comet. Of the tenth magnitude, visible only in a telescope, it is situated in the constellation Pegasus and is rapidly traveling just outside the earth's orbit.

Journalism Tinctured With Magic

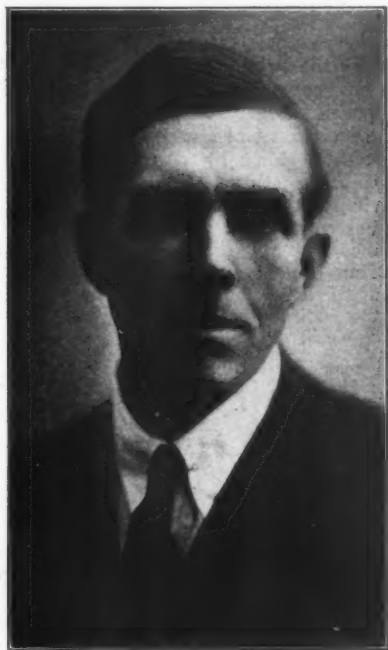
William Bolitho Interprets the Spirit of the Crowd

IT is seldom that a journalist writes with the interpretative power of the historian; but that, according to the *New York Times*, is exactly what William Bolitho does in his new book, "Leviathan" (Harper). This book consists of essays written by Mr. Bolitho for the London *Outlook* and the New York *World*. It deals, in the main, with English and with French subjects. For Walter Lippmann, in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, Bolitho is more nearly "the ideal writer from Mars" than any one else who has appeared in journalism to look upon the world the War left behind it. "He sees," Mr. Lippmann declares, "with an unprejudiced eye, therefore, apparently with an oblique eye, as if the object had never been observed before, and yet with the wrinkled sophistication of the old *habitué* who has been through it all many times before."

The first of the essays in the book describes "England's State Ballet"—the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace; the last tells of Sarah Bernhardt's funeral; but the hero of all is Leviathan, the Mob. This Leviathan, as Mr. Bolitho interprets him, is something of a contradiction. He is both conservative and revolutionary. He can be inconceivably dull or wildly erratic. He thinks nothing of singing mawkish hymns on a Sunday night and of gloating over filthy effigies of criminals at a wax-works show the next morning.

Leviathan can be studied at a prize-fight as well as anywhere else, and Mr. Bolitho's essay, "The Mob Crowns the Ape," telling how Georges Carpentier went down before Battling Siki, is one of the best descriptions of a prize-fight ever written.

Another marvelous bit of writing is entitled "The Sound of the *Zeitgeist*," and presents the saxophone as the authentic voice of Leviathan:



COMPARED WITH CARLYLE

William Bolitho, whose real name is William P. Ryall, has a style reminiscent of Thomas Carlyle. He is South African, half Boer and half English, is married to a French woman and lives in Paris.

"The band begins softly, as if considerate for the general hush. The leader stands away from his chair, which he will not use while playing; for mimicry and grimaces are a part of what he is paid for; and his audience expects that he should himself plainly feel the intoxication of his own music. He is a Dervish; an ecstatic; paid to whip this dull, hard crowd into an excitement they can feel. As he starts couples slide and slouch past on the empty floor; the inexplicable young men hold the wives of profiteers slackly, dutifully; and the band does not hurry them. The great saxophonist slowly raises himself through pacing and ordering rhythms,

deceptively serious, to the plane of emotion we are come to feel.

"In this beginning the saxophone is heard as an unusual, throbbing, rich vibration; nothing more; though with a savor of the savage in it, the pulse of war-drums in Africa, that we have grown used to since the war; almost banal. . . . The dancers amuse themselves solemnly, wordlessly; the saxophone gives them no ethics, and not caring if anything, even its adepts, survives another hour, continues its droning for some time.

"But perhaps by accumulation of this steady, smooth massaging of the nerves, perhaps because, as the dance goes on he comes to less sober tunes, the saxophonist climbs imperceptibly to a new step, the sliding becomes more jaunty. Then suddenly I hear the real note of the saxophone, unforgettable, high and clear, as

if from a heart of brass, the new thing, the thing we have come to hear. To me it has quite passed out of humanity, this famous upper register, but it is still near enough for me to understand; piercing musical, the cry of a faun that is beautiful and hurt. The leader tips his instrument into the air; he blows with all his force, but his cheeks remain pale. He is now at the height of his art. The voice of our age has come through his lips, through this marvelous instrument. He is a priest possessed with a half-human god, endlessly sorrowful, yet utterly unsentimental, incapable of regret, with no past, no memory, no future, no hope. The sound pricks the dancers, parts their lips, puts spring into their march. These unexpressive, unethical, unthinking men have discovered their unethical, unsentimental reaction to our age."

The New Literary King of Poland

Ladislas Reymont and the Book that Won Him a Nobel Prize

BY a happy coincidence, Ladislas Reymont received the latest Nobel Prize for idealistic literature at a time when the honored body of Poland's former literary monarch, Henryk Sienkiewicz, was being carried from Vevey, Switzerland, where he died during the War, to its final resting place in his beloved Warsaw. This dual event has inspired James Fletcher Smith, a writer in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, to present with a new significance the old saying: "The King is dead—long live the King!" Mr. Smith reminds us that Sienkiewicz, patriot and painter of the old-time Polish glory, was the first Polish winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature. He was king of his time in romantic writing associated with his country's history, although, as it happens, his best-known novel, "Quo Vadis," is on a Roman theme. Ladislas Reymont, the new literary king of Poland, is a writer of another sort. The special work for which he was crowned is entitled "The Peasants," and deals with the lives of the lowly. It is divided into four parts, bearing the names of the seasons. The

first of these* has just been published in an English translation. The work as a whole amounts to no less, says Mr. Smith, than a conscious attempt to interpret to the outside world the soul of Poland.

For such a work a man must have seen deeply into the inner and outer lives of his people. He must have experienced, struggled and suffered. He must have had opportunities to participate in agricultural, industrial and artistic activities.

All this and much more fell to the lot of Ladislas Reymont. He was born, we learn, in Russian Poland fifty-six years ago, and found himself, from childhood on, in conflict not only with Russian domination, but also with parental discipline. He tells us himself that he was "a lively sore" in the heart of his family, and that he ran away and lived for a time like an animal in the woods.

When he reached the age at which

* THE PEASANTS: A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES. In Four Volumes. Volume I. Autumn. From the Polish of Ladislas S. Reymont. Tr. by Michael H. Dziewicki, Prof. of English Literature in the University of Cracow. Knopf.

he was expected to earn his living, he became successively clerk in a shop, telegrapher and railway employee. For a year he followed the steps of a troupe of strolling players. "Poverty racked my bones," he says, "but at least I felt free, seduced as I was by the contrasts of this vagabond life, with its surprises, its dangers, its phantasmagoria, its conflicting emotions." Then suddenly he abandoned his companions, lured away by the words of an apostle of Spiritualism. For a while he cherished the idea of devoting his life to this gospel; but the impulse passed, disillusionment followed, and he decided, instead, to make his home on a farm. He lived there for two years, and married a daughter of the household.

It was during this period—the most tranquil he had ever known—that he took up writing seriously. His first published novel, "The Comédienne," was a story of theatrical life. His second, "The Promised Land," dealt with the manufacturing city of Lodz. Both were a kind of prelude to his *magnum opus*.

"The Peasants" was finished in 1906, and is based on the author's desire "to make a cross section of the bearings and the beds of our social soil, to present our national life in a sort of mystery." Mr. Smith tells us:

"The first volume, 'Autumn,' is now at hand. The succeeding volumes, 'Winter,' 'Spring,' and 'Summer,' are to appear at quarterly intervals beginning in January. With the author's statement of purpose held in mind, it is not surprising to find that in 'Autumn' the story is subordinate to the background, which is the life of a village in Russian Poland, presumably in the last century. Any picturesque rural custom, whether now living, moribund, or dead, is grist to Reymont's mill, with the result that he tells a leisurely story.

"Boryna, a domineering, middle-aged, somewhat gross and brutal farmer of local importance, is planning to marry again. Surveying the eligibles he resolves to cast his lot with Yanka, a girl of uncertain reputation, who is, nevertheless, spirited, clever and not unattractive. There is also the disadvantage that she



Courtesy of Alfred A. Knopf

THE LATEST NOBEL PRIZE-WINNER
Ladislas Reymont is the second Polish
winner of the Nobel Prize for "idealistic"
literature. He has visited America twice.

happens to be in love with Boryna's own son, Antek. But the old man has his own scores to pay off with Antek, and is pleased or indifferent at that. Besides, Yanka's desirable lands lie adjacent to Boryna's. So according to the old Polish custom he sends 'proposers' to the girl, is considered from all angles as a suitor, and is accepted on wholly sordid and mercenary grounds. Yanka fights down her love for Antek, and finally braces herself to go through with the wedding ceremony. And with this same ceremony the first volume of 'The Peasants' ends, with the mad fiddling of the celebration, the guests dancing and feasting, the picture of the triumphant father, the unwilling bride, the envious son, and the threat of a lively and not wholly pleasant family drama casting its shadow before."

In general outline and tone, though not in accomplishment, "The Peasants" is ranked by the *Transcript* critic as standing somewhere between Turgeniev and Hardy.

HE WENT BY, DRIVING LIKE
MAD TO THE DOCTOR'S



THE ULTIMATE FROG

Wherein Old Man Sanders Goes the Way of Sir Galahad

By ROY DICKINSON

THE stars were out. A moonlit cedar grove moved in the light breeze. There was a whippoorwill in the meadow below the camp. Four men who should have been asleep hours ago, choked between city walls, sat instead around a wood fire near a waterfall in the Ramapo Hills, and talked. It seemed to one of the men as though he could hear Nature taking long, deep breaths. He felt close to truth there among the ferns. The talk had turned as it sometimes does to religion, and Nicoll, like all men who feel the truth and then try to explain the infinite in copy-book catchwords—the only tools we have—was a little incoherent.

AFTER Conan Doyle had been put in his place by one of the hard-faced ones from downtown, and a jobber in radio supplies had told why he didn't go to church, Nicoll said, "Whatever it is, it's here around us. Truth is inside each of us. I can't prove it by logic but I know. God is inside all of us. He is power, just waiting to be drawn out. There's only one mind in the universe. It's in you and it's in that waterfall and that grove in the hill. It's all the same thing. It's here now. We all go back to it some day. Sometimes I think Buddha Gautama had the right idea."

"When did *you* get religion, Nicoll?" asked Thompson the broker.

"There's a striving in us all," said Nicoll, ignoring the interruption, "and we like to kid about it. It's a hunger that we run away from to Mah Jongg and bridge and the Follies—to orange juice and gin. Our little parades to church each Sunday are like the glycerine tears of a movie star. We want something real; we want to know where the blue begins, like poor little Gissing when he ran toward the dawn all hot and discouraged. We feel if we could only reach the far horizon we'd find what our souls hunger for. Yet it's a fact that every man who searches for the ultimate is always a tragic figure. Sir Galahad searched far for the Holy Grail. The Maid of Orleans heard the voice of St. Catharine in an apple tree. It sent her on a long quest. Swedenborg talked to certain people on Christmas Eve in 1745, and a shoemaker of Goerlitz called Jacob Boehme looked into the soul of a pewter dish on a summer day in 1600. Men in all ages have groped toward the ultimate. They are driven by a hunger. You'll find this hunger all over the world now. If you'll read Ouspensky you'll find it there. It's in St. Paul, if you have a Bible.

"THERE'S a hunger and a puzzled yearning in all of us that we can't satisfy. All over the world different people are groping in different ways and

a blind desire is shaking the veins of the world like swamp fever. We're all surrounded by subdued voices and little whispers which tell us to do something, and we don't know what they are or what the something is, but it's all the same thing. The outcome is always the same when we listen to the little voices—the voices Mahomet heard and Swedenborg and Copernicus and Old Man Sanders, only Old Man Sanders lowered his range from the stars to the housetops. He tried to organize a frog quartet. Listen."

From away down the valley came that sound which Nicoll had long been hearing. It had reminded him of an old gray man and his striving for an ideal. It was the throbbing, resonant, deep-pitched cry of one who looked up from the mud toward the distant stars.

"You mean that noisy old bullfrog down in the swamp?" asked Thompson.

"I mean that voice of the silence crying aloud in the night," said Nicoll. "Let me tell you about Old Man Sanders." And save for occasional interruptions which had to do with Camels and pipe tobacco, the rest of the story is his.

I MET Old Man Sanders one night out coon hunting. He was sitting on a log up back of my cabin on Malvern Brook. I'd heard of him often and how he lived with his daughter on the very top of Hogback Mountain in an old stone house, Dutch-Colonial. Everybody wondered how they ever built it way up there.

I spoke to the old man and sat down there on the log with him. The dogs went off through the woods. It was about two in the morning—the time everybody stirs in the woods and a rooster wakes up long enough to crow once and then goes back to sleep. Sanders was a fine-old fellow, friendly and normal, and he knew the woods. We talked about them a minute,

then I asked him how his daughter was. I'd seen him go by my house that morning at breakfast time, driving the old flivver like mad, and Doc Grimes later in the morning at the post office told me she didn't have a chance. They took her to the hospital over at the county seat and operated in a last-minute attempt to save her life. So I was almost afraid to ask him.

"She's going to come through all right," he told me. He said it with absolute certainty and I told him I was mighty glad to hear it. I asked him in a minute what time he'd 'phoned over that evening.

"I didn't 'phone," he said.

SIR GALAHAD searched far for the Holy Grail. Joan of Arc heard the voice of St. Catharine in an apple tree. It sent her on a long quest. Swedenborg talked to certain people on Christmas eve in 1745, and a shoemaker of Goerlitz named Jacob Boehme looked into the soul of a pewter dish on a summer day in 1600. Men and women in all ages have groped tragically toward the ultimate, just as does Old Man Sanders in this story which tells of his trials and tribulations in organizing a frog quartet. Besides, being a first rate story, it manages to preach a powerful sermon on the danger which attends those human beings who refuse to compromise with their ideals. We reprint the tale, by permission, from Harper's Magazine. It is given a high rating by the O. Henry Memorial Committee.

THEN he looked at me a minute and I thought—well, anyway he looked a little queer as he said:

"I heard it a few minutes ago on this log and I'm sure. I sat here praying for hours and then suddenly I knew it was all right. God told me. He knows it. He knows all those things. He knows them in me. Just when I came to the end of my rope and stopped because I couldn't go any further, He started

in me, and it's all right."

Then he told me some more things along the lines I mentioned before, and I had an unusual experience. I knew he knew. I knew he had what I'd been groping for. I knew he'd had a moment of vision. Something had whispered to his spirit and I had felt a touch of its wings. It was weird but it was fine and I felt different somehow. We talked a little more, then he asked me to come up to see him sometime. I called the dogs then and went on. He told me before he left that he suddenly saw when he received his message, plain and clear, the whole plan of divine wisdom. He was a practical old cuss and I knew he had something.

I didn't get up to his cabin for two weeks. Then one day I walked up. He took me in and showed me his daughter



"THERE'S ANOTHER WORLD,
AND SOMEBODY HAS CLOSED
THE DOOR"

still in bed, but almost ready to get up. Doc Grimes had told me she didn't have one chance in nine hundred when they took her away.

WE walked out in the shadows back of the house and I tried to get him to tell me some more about his message. But I could see he had lost it. A little remained. But just like those sudden insights into the scheme of things you get sometimes under laughing gas, the great certainty he had was almost gone. Just as the truth fades out at the very moment of coming out of the anæsthetic, he told me he'd forgotten things that no one could remember and keep sane.

But he had kept two things. His absolute certainty that for an instant he had been one with God and all else in the world, and an intense desire to be of some service, to give something of his inner self. His close relation to God had started to fade out but he kept the knowledge that he should be the means of God's revealing something, of achieving something great and big, but he didn't know what it was or just how to go about it.

Like the Indian in his yoga I've read about, the old man had come face to face with facts no reason could ever know. He'd come out of his samadhi with his character changed, his life illumined, but he couldn't quite get back to where he'd

been on the log when I first saw him. His experience checked up closely with several flashes I had had at intervals all through my own life, and I wanted to talk more about them. But he had come back to his practical relationship with the world. He was afraid of the other. Afraid he'd go too far with it. So we talked of practical things like the radio. He had listened in the first time the night before down at Pete Lodge's house in the village. All the local stations had signed off, and then Pete, who had invited the old man in to show him the new toy, by some freak of chance picked up Chicago on a one-tube set.

OLD MAN SANDERS was full of the wonder of it. They had picked up a male quartet out of the air. Probably four song-pluggers with patent-leather hair on the top of a Chicago office building. To him, though, those singers had some connection with the music of the spheres.

"Right through the walls their voices came, all the way from Chicago," he said.

That is how he came to get the idea that he had to make music. This sickness of heart, this desire to act as a means of revelation for something he had to get back, ever since he caught a glimpse of it out there on the log, made him want to put his vague desire into music. It was sort of pitiful, his attempts to get harmony out of a saxophone he bought from an advertisement in a farm publication. I'd often hear him when I was out with the dogs at night. I would go over and find him sitting on the same old log. He was in the presence of unforgettable things, but he couldn't attain them. He couldn't get back to the vision.

He told me one night after I had come over, attracted by the inharmonious grunts and cries of the saxophone giving out haphazard sounds under clumsy, earnest fingers. "It's no use, Mr. Nicoll, I've been trying to find my way back, but I can't. There's another world right around me here and I can't get back in. Somebody has closed the door. But I could make it I know if I could get harmony out of this. I wander around and I try to play. But it's no use. Where have they gone—those things I saw, the friends that told me all I wanted to know?" So he gave the saxophone to Pete Lodge, who still plays it in the local band.

The speaker paused and remained for a time looking into the fire.

"Everybody has had some queer experience," said Thompson; "what happened to the old man then?"

Again an old bullfrog from the edge of the pond below uttered his deep-toned "Better go Round" and repeated his song three times.

When the bullfrog finished the speaker continued.

"Sometimes it's the chirp of a cricket in the wood of an old house, sometimes it's the sound of a pattering rain on the tree leaves, sometimes the song of a bullfrog



SOME LADIES HAD CALLED AND SHE HAD SHOWN THEM THE DOOR

that heralds to a man the consciousness of the nearness of God. Everybody has some one call. The sound of a steamboat whistle at night away off, the moan of a light wind in the cedars, the bay of a distant hound, the toll of a church bell, or the night cry of a hoot owl—there is a sound for all of us.

It was two or three months after he gave away the saxophone that I saw Old Man Sanders again out on his log. I often talked about politics and the weather to him at the post office. But this night the bullfrogs were looking up from the mud of the ponds and singing to the clear, far stars.

He hungered to talk, it seems.

"IT'S warm here and dark to-night," he said, "and it's here I'll sit and think awhile and talk if you'll let me and not think I'm entirely queer. When it's like this and no light except the blinkin' stars, I hear them sing. It's like the voices of multitudes that won't make harmony. There's one now sings low; there's one, ye hear him way off, sings higher like. It's the voice of the world. Each singer there in the swamp is calling out to another. Like people they are, all over the world wantin' and hungerin' for the same thing they all crave. They squat there in the muck land and they look up and outside and beyond somewhere just past the stars they see, and they call to it. If they could just sing together now it would make a harmony, wouldn't it, Mr. Nicoll? But there they are, each in his own little mud hole, makin' each his own sound. There's no harmony. Each one sings his little chord. They can't see it's the same. They can't chime together to make God's real hymn."

"Sort of a frog quartet you'd like to start?" I asked him.

"That's it," he jumped right back at me, eager as a kid, "a quartet each singing his own part, the best he knows it. All together in harmony."

"That's a good tenor down there by the lily pond," I said.

WE sat there a few minutes more in silence. He seemed to be listening to the voices all around us that kept whispering in the grass. I felt the sense of loneliness we all get at times and saw an old owl go flapping lazily over the trees near us, a dim form that momentarily shut off the stars.

I started as I heard the old man say, "I'll do it. It's the thing I have to hear."

I looked at his face in the dim light. He looked like a man who had set his heart on a great ideal, not like a man who was going to train animals. If I were talking to a gathering of mystics instead of a bunch of practical business morons round a camp fire, I'd tell you just what he did look like.

It was the expression of a man who has seen a thing he must do, though he die for it. It was, in a word, the look of a man who sees an ideal, who starts on the impossible quest, the far journey. We successful business men compromise with our ideals. That's why we are successful.

The man who can't compromise is doomed. He gets crucified. We know how well we do with far less than perfection. We'll never even try for the other. The people who do try we don't consider respectable or regular. We help crucify them. I thought these things again that night as I saw Old Man Sanders start down the slope after the first tenor for his frog quartet.

THE troubadours of the meadow and pond sing the frog songs of the little people. Each is an individualist and makes vocal his longing for the places beyond this gray world. He who would blend the many voices of humanity or of nature has a mighty task.

Or as Nicoll put it, "Old Man Sanders had a hell of a time with those frogs." He caught the first tenor. A peeper this frog was. No one knows when a peeper sleeps. If you were little enough and could sneak up like a brownie, you'd see him sitting by a lily pad at the pond's shore with his throat puffed out, hitting a note as high as the highest C on a violin. The first tenor caused three nights of hard work for the old man and finally was caught and put in the little pond just back of the cabin. He was the start of the Great Frog Quartet. The next came harder yet. Away off the old man would hear him—some old green frog by a swampy stump singing to the stars his mellow madrigal, "Getta Jug o' Rum! Getta Jug o' Rum!"

"There's my second bass now," the old man would say with his ear cocked and that eager look in his eyes, and he'd start off over bog and fen and ditch and dyke in the direction of the far voice. It was on his search for the second bass he ran



"YE HAD NO RIGHT TO TRESPASS, CAL"

foul of Mortimer Pardee, the big lawyer. Pardee has a place up the valley. This frog with the mellow bass was in the duck pond near his house. I can imagine Old Man Sanders slipping up on the singer inch by inch and Pardee watching him from the dark of his top window. When Sanders crawled under the fence, the lawyer ordered him off the place. He told me later how the old man looked up at his window, crawled along on his stomach a yard or so, and then made a leap into the mud at the edge of the pond. Pardee ran down with a shotgun and, convinced a lunatic was trying to attack his home, fired a load of bird shot at a tall figure dripping mud and running down the hill. Old Man Sanders had secured the second bass for his quartet at the expense of a load of shot whistling by his ears and the belief of a neighbor that he had been visited by a lunatic.

THERE was a change going on in Old Man Sanders like that in any person's soul who tries for the ultimate, who won't compromise with his ideal. He said to me soon after the shooting episode; "I'm beginning to feel that maybe the vision that come to me there on the log is the true state, and that the dream is feeding the

cattle and plowing the fields and the other motions we go through to get enough to eat and wear. Out there I think is the real world. It's the one here that's the dream. Heaven is here inside me. I can hear it sing sometimes."

He must have told something like that to Pete Lodge. I saw Pete one evening and he told me he was getting worried about the old man.

"Used to talk regular," said Pete, "but he's been gettin' wild lately. Allows he's sort of a Joan of Arc or something. He had a story in the magazine section of the *Journal* with him last night at the house. One of those picture-stories, about a young musician. Took gas because he couldn't compose some sort of a symphony he felt swelling or welling or fermenting up within him, the paper said. The old man told me he knew just how this fellow felt. You know about him getting his feet all wet chasin' frogs around the swamp. It ain't right. I spoke to the doctor about it. Cracked, that's what he is. Going to make a frog quartet to give harmony at night. Doggone it, why didn't he speak to me about it? I'd 'a' taught him to play the harmonica and make all the music he wanted. But he's got his mind set on this frog thing, and yet can't get it off it."

For his first bass Old Man Sanders needed a green frog. On a summer night he is the singer you hear hitting about an octave below middle C. During the time he searched for him he spent some time out on his old log. He was being hounded then. Pardee and Pete Lodge and the others had compared notes and the neighbors had done the rest. The old man who had set his heart on an ideal was "cracked."

The ladies had talked it over at the Dorcas Society meeting and considered the horror of the daughter up there on Hog Back in the cabin with an insane father. Something had to be done about it. He wasn't fit to be at large or run the farm. The girl would be neglected.

I went up one night to the cabin. He was out. "Looking for a specimen," his daughter Kate told me. I asked her about it and when she found I was sympathetic she talked. Some ladies had called and she had shown them the door.

"If dad wants to get some frogs, whose business is it?" she said. "City people come up here and gather mushrooms and butterflies. Dad has a right to collect, and he's a lot more serious than they are about it. He won't quit. They'd better stop bothering him. He's getting right put out about it."

We talked for some time. She seemed to be altered. She had water colors up there and was working with them. She talked about "trying to be what she knew she had it in her to be." Unlike most of these mountain people, she seemed to have a purpose and a desire. I felt in my heart it had something to do with the old man and the log and his search for the frogs. Two new people seemed to have moved into the cabin. The change was evident.

AT about nine o'clock the old man came out from the woods into the clearing. We were sitting on the porch and his two frogs were croaking, one high, one low. Once in a while they'd sing at the same time. He was excited as he called me. He had a bag in his hand. He reached in and pulled out a big green frog. "I've hunted four nights for this one," he said, and dropped it with a plunk into the little pond. Then we went back on the porch and listened.

It sounded like real music. The philosophy of song and the woods was there. There was the mysticism of creation in the harmony. The deep note of the old bull,

the higher one of the green frog, and the shrill tenor of the peeper blended in a melody like an old folk song. I began to think of the "Ode to a Grecian Urn." It was the true harmony of the almost, the perfection of the nearly perfect. There was melody in the music as of a world striving to be articulate at some point beyond the light of the morning star.

"Now if I just had that pickerel frog. If we only had a second tenor here we'd have a perfect quartet," the old man said. He wasn't satisfied with the almost. I was.

JUST then four men stepped up to the porch from nowhere.

"Could we speak to you a minute, Cal?" said one.

He left us and they all walked off a few steps. Their voices, low at first, rose a little, and I recognized Pete Lodge and the Constable Jeff Myers.

"Ye had no right to trespass, Cal," I heard one say.

"Well, ye better come along down for a few days," were the next words. At the flash of a pair of handcuffs something in the old man broke. The things his daughter had told him—the bird-shot, the ridicule, the queer looks of the loafers at Jackson's store—all seemed to converge in that moment on the pair of handcuffs and the man who was trying to put them on his wrists. He stepped back and reached into a farm wagon. Then, as Jeff Myers leaped after him, the old man brought a heavy wagon spoke down on his head as hard as he could hit. The man fell and rolled over on his face. The handcuffs clanged on the rock. Sanders ran across the clearing. Somebody cried, "Stop or I'll shoot." A shot rang out. The daughter screamed. The old man ran on.

THEN I helped carry the other man into the house. He was limp and his head was bleeding badly. The doctor came later and ordered him to the hospital. He stayed there nine weeks with a fractured skull, and just pulled through. Of course there was a real feud from then on. The old man and his daughter disappeared. I found out later that several complaints had been lodged and the constables had gone up that night with a doctor to bring the old man down to the village for observation. The flash of the handcuffs led to the blow with the wagon spoke, and it wasn't the old man's fault the constable didn't die.

You can't almost kill a constable with impunity even up here in the mountains, and the state police went out after the old man. He took a pot shot at one of them from behind a crag and from then on he was a hunted outlaw. They surrounded him once but he slipped through the lines. No one knew the woods better and he managed always to keep out of their way.

It was several weeks later that I went in the car to look at some hounds in a mountain village about twelve miles north of here. I stayed all night with a trapper I knew in a cabin above the village. We were out late, talking over old times. Suddenly I heard them. The first tenor, the second bass, and the first bass. Somewhere from away off over the trees along the waterways the rhythm of their harmony came to me clear as an organ peal. Those frogs were inspiring. They surely were the same ones. I couldn't mistake that clear first tenor anywhere. We walked over in their direction, and the nearer we came the surer I was that they were the frogs of Old Man Sanders.

I asked Bill McKinney—that was the trapper's name—if he had heard about the trouble over our way.

"Did you hear how Old Man Sanders almost killed a constable a while back?" I asked him.

Bill gave me a queer smile and said nothing, so I knew he knew just where Old Man Sanders was hiding up there in the mountains and that it *was* his three frogs I'd heard. After we came in I went out again later and located the little pond about three miles away from Bill's cabin. I sat on a rock and listened to their harmony for some time, hoping I might meet the old man, but he didn't show up. Near dawn I came back again.

I SAID no more about the old man that day, but just before I left for home McKinney said to me, "Old Man Sanders is still lookin' all over the country around here for the last frog, but you needn't say nothin' to the troopers about it. That old man is crazy—like a fox. If they ever get him they'll be a damn sight smarter than any trooper I've met yet."

But they did find him after all. It happened this way:

We were down at Jackson's store waiting for him to distribute the mail. It was just after dusk. You must have read about it. They put it on an inside page in the city papers. It was a sensation

here. Just happened about six weeks ago. A quiet night, some talk in the store about politics and oil and the new road. Then suddenly a shot from up the road. In a minute Jackson's boy ran in, white around the gills.

"They got Old Man Sanders," he said.

I WAS one of the first there. The old man was sitting on a gray stone with his back to a tree. He looked as if he'd just fallen asleep there. He had been able to get as far as the rock after the shot hit him. He was dead. The rotten thing was that the troopers had seen him and ordered him to stop. But it wasn't any stranger who shot him. It was his own neighbor, Pete Lodge, who fired his fox gun at him as he started to skip up the side of the hill above Malvern Brook. The Coroner's Jury pronounced the old man criminally insane and all that. Lodge was exonerated officially, but they called him an assassin in the neighborhood till he finally got out.

(Concluded on page 127)



FROM THEN ON HE
WAS A HUNTED
OUTLAW

"NEW BROOMS"

Another Graphic Comedy of the American Home

By FRANK CRAVEN

CRITICAL opinion is divided as to just what grading "New Brooms," Frank Craven's current "comedy of the American home," merits, but it is generally esteemed to be a play that suffers by comparison with "The First Year," by the same author. Nevertheless it bids fair to enjoy a protracted metropolitan run before going on the road. Percy Hammond, of the *Herald-Tribune*, places it "in the top string of the minor comedies" and "even if it is without the stout wallop essential to a champion-

ship, it is a good show." Leo A. Marsh writes, in the *Morning Telegraph*, that "New Brooms" has a great deal of delightful comedy and some well-balanced drama . . . and it serves further to prove that Robert McWade is one of the ablest character actors the American stage possesses." E. W. Osborn, of the *Evening World*, ranks it as "the best-natured piece we have seen this year"; and *Variety* predicts that "the play will be going strong on Broadway six months after its première, without being forced."

In the play Thomas Bates



"NOT A PLAYWRIGHT—JUST A SHOWMAN"

Frank Craven, author-producer of "New Brooms," so describes himself, adding: "I could not write anything serious to save my life. I just strive to build a play. That's all."

(Robert McWade) is an irascible old broom manufacturer, endowed with bad manners and two supercilious children, Thomas, Jr. (Robert Keith), and Ethel (Doris Kelly). Young Bates, affable, idle and given to superior airs, so exasperates the "old man" that he turns the management of home and factory over to the boy for a year, and sits down sardonically to see what happens.

As the *Sun* critic, Alexander Woolcott, observes, "what happens proceeds along a pattern that has the inevitability of lino-

leum, but the proceedings are never dull and sometimes they are truly hilarious." Three love stories are involved, but are more or less supplementary. The principal one has a young housekeeper, Geraldine Marsh (Blyth Daly), whom the younger Bates hires on his first day in command of home and factory, and whom six months later he is jealously suspecting of having designs on Dad.

To get to the play: The curtain rises on the backyard of the Bates residence (hardly a home) on a June afternoon. The elder Bates is discovered with his

right-hand office-man, Kneeland (Harry Leighton), who has called to get the boss to sign a check for his income tax. Bates gives a prevision of his character by exclaiming:

BATES. I'm damned if I am going to work my head off from one year's end to the other, and give all that money to the Government.

KNEELAND. There's no need to. You're smart enough to doctor things up, so it will be half of this.

BATES. Of course, I am. You don't suppose that tribe in Washington can fix anything solid—do you? One half makes laws and the other half makes loopholes. Damn fools! But I'm no better than they are; only I'm an honest damn fool, and if it's the law to pay that much tax, why, I'll pay it. But I won't *keep on* paying it.

KNEELAND. There are a lot of men who don't pay what they should.

BATES. Not with me they don't; and if they tried it, I'd see they got all that was coming to them. If a man owes me money, he pays it; and if the United States says I owe them a certain amount, I'll do the same. Only I'll fix it so I won't owe them so much. I'll close the factory—sell it and live on what I've got. I can do it. You know that. But I'm not going to work just to support a Government, and a son, who is old enough to support himself.

This matter being disposed of, there is an interruption in the shape of a certain oil-stock-promoter named George Morrow (Jack Devereaux), who is destined to be entangled in the thin love-threads of the play. Morrow, of Texarkana, enters the backyard garden, evidently from a side street, after having previously announced himself. By way of introduction:

MORROW. My name is George Morrow.

BATES. I heard you the first time.

MORROW. Yes, sir. I'm on from Texarkana on here for a little visit—and thought I'd look up Miss Wheeler, cousin of mine—stopped at her house and was told I'd find her here.

BATES. I couldn't tell you.

MORROW. I'll wait a little while if you don't mind. (*Looks around.*) Nice place you have.

BATES. Yes. (*Resumes reading a newspaper.*)

MORROW. That the last edition you have?

BATES. Yes.

MORROW. How did Texarkana Peter close?

BATES. I'm sure I don't know.

MORROW. I've got stock in it.

BATES. Young man, I dare say your business is vital to you, but I am not interested in it. I don't know what you are talking about; neither do I care.

A number of introductory gestures are made in the course of the first act, leading to a "show-down" between old man Bates and his son, Tom, who puts in an early appearance and remains after Morrow has gone, as to which of their conflicting ideas about running a big industry is superior. Bates, Sr., wants to take his college-graduated son into the firm, but the young man, with his "advanced" notions, declares they could never get along together:

BATES. I don't see why not—if you attended to business.

TOM. I'll tell you why not. Because we're different. Our natures are different—our ideas are different—our methods would be different. We'd have arguments and battles all the time.

BATES. Well, I'm not going to take you by the throat, and make you. I'm disappointed, and I know your mother would be if she were alive. I've worked hard to have something for you, and I think I have built up a very good business.

TOM. Yes. Of course, I think it could have been much larger.

BATES. Is that so? How?

TOM. I mean if you had been a different type of man.

BATES. Worked harder?

TOM. No.

BATES. Tell me.

TOM. Dad—you're a crab. That's why you are not a Big Man. People duck you because you are hard to get along with. You can't be disagreeable in business and succeed.

BATES. Well, I'm not stuck on myself, but I'm damned if I'd call myself a failure.

TOM. Oh, you're smart, you're honest; a tireless worker.

BATES. Thank God, I'm something.

TOM. But you have lacked that one spark of amiability which would have made you, as I say, a really big man.

To end the argument, the father offers to turn over the management of his factory and home to the son, for a year, and the bargain is closed.

It is August, three months later, in the second act, and among the changes that have occurred in the Bates establishment has been the temporary installation of Geraldine Marsh (Blyth Daly) as an amateur housekeeper, vice Florence Wheeler (Dorothy Blackburn), who has taken French leave of the elder Bates.

It develops that a diligent almseeker and minister of the gospel, Rev. Philip Dow (Albert G. Andrews), enters the Bates home in quest of benefactions. He has learned of the transformation, as regards the exchequer. His essential sycophancy is kindly sketched in this bit of dialogue:

JERRY. Dr. Dow, how do the people of this town feel about Mr. Bates letting Tom run things?

DR. DOW. Well, Miss Marsh, people I have met seem to be divided in their opinions. But on one point they are unanimous and that is in their desire to see him succeed.

JERRY. Well, do you think people want Tom to make good because they like him or because they dislike Mr. Bates more.

DR. DOW. Well, I'm sure I don't know.

JERRY. You may think that a very forward question, but I'd like to get your impression.

DOW. Well, of course there are so few people who really know Mr. Bates; and I believe, in order to like a person, one must come in close contact with one, and as we are inclined to enlist on the side of those we like, I should say folks wish Tom to succeed, because they like Tom.

JERRY. You are very diplomatic, Dr. Dow.

DOW. Miss Marsh, I preach the gospel, and I find that my congregation likes better to hear there is salvation for the repentant, than eternal damnation for the sinner.

Presently Bates, Sr., enters and is informed by "Jerry" that she is recording in her diary what Dr. Dow has said to the effect that "In order to like a person one must come in contact."

BATES. Contact means to touch, doesn't it? No wonder Dow said that.

JERRY. Do you mind if I put that down?

BATES. Well, it's as good a line as Dow's. (*Jerry writes and Bates lights his cigar.*) That always seemed to me a waste of time.

JERRY. No more a waste of time than the records you keep in your business. Of course, my entries are not all business. Some are sentimental. For instance here is one. "July 16th. To-day Mr. Bates almost smiled at me. He looked like his son."

BATES. You must be very busy writing down every time I smile.

JERRY. That wouldn't keep me busy.

BATES. No, maybe not. I have never cultivated a grin like some folks.

JERRY. You wouldn't have to. You have a very natural one, I should think. Won't you let me read you some of these entries?

He gruffly asks her to "go ahead."

JERRY. July 24. "Cook let me make an old-fashioned strawberry shortcake to-day. Mr. Bates had two helpings. Shall try him again."

BATES. Did you make that?

JERRY. Yes; wasn't it good?

BATES. Well, didn't I have two helpings?

JERRY. Then, I have here the recipe that cook gave me. You see that is important. That's business.

BATES. Yes; that's business.

JERRY. "Aug. 1. Mr. Bates and Tom—Mr. Tom had an argument. Mr. Bates said: 'It's a wise father who knows as much as his own son.' Mr. Tom couldn't think of a good reply as he generally does."

BATES. No; that was a hurdle for him.

JERRY. "August 3. Men at the factory struck. Mr. Tom met them and induced them to go back to work."

BATES. Gave in to them; I would have seen them in Brazil before I'd have given them what they wanted. That's what we had the argument about a couple of days before, wasn't it? I'm glad you kept that. I want to remember that some time.

There is considerable palaver between a number of people of inconsiderable stage account. Presently Kneeland, general manager of the factory, in-

forms Tom that the employees have demanded a noon closing on Saturdays, instead of 1 P. M.

TOM. What did you say?

KNEELAND. I said we couldn't do it.

TOM. Wait a minute, Kneeland. We'll have to consider that for a moment. Do you think that's wisdom?

KNEELAND. Well, figure it for yourself. June, July, August. 12 weeks, 12 hours, a day and a half, and remember once you do it they expect it always.

TOM. But don't you think it would make them happier?

KNEELAND. We never have done it and they seem happy enough.

TOM. Kneeland, one of your ancestors must have been English. Your great argument always is "we never have done it." Here is the way it strikes me. If they don't get it, they'll be disappointed. That hour will be in their minds all the time and we will not get any heart and soul work out of them during it. More than that, it will affect their entire morning. There is a psychology about these things which must be considered more than precedent.

KNEELAND. You're the boss.

TOM. I'll speak to them about it on Monday.

Tom and his fiancée, Florence Wheeler (Dorothy Blackburn), are becoming estranged, and Tom is subconsciously falling in love with Geraldine Marsh. He questions his father, when, on returning from a business trip to Chicago from New York, he finds that the parent is bent on taking Miss Marsh to a ball game, "for company," and accuses him of extravagance:

TOM. Is this your bill?

BATES. Uh! Huh!

TOM. You're going pretty strong, ain't you? (*Puts bill back on desk.*) I don't know how to say this delicately, father; but—Miss Marsh is our housekeeper.

BATES. Miss Marsh is the daughter of an old friend of mine.

TOM. It's nice of you to remember that. I like Jerry, too; but after all, she is an employee, a young and pretty one. Do you think it looks all right?

Jerry appears at the door. Bates asks his son, sotto voce, if he has any money.

TOM. A little. Why?

BATES. I'll need some, maybe. I've got a car out there.

TOM. Why didn't you use ours?

BATES. It isn't working.

TOM. What's the matter with it?

BATES. I don't know. I'm not a chauffeur.

TOM. It seems to me that car has been laid up a good deal lately.

BATES. How about it?

TOM. About what?

BATES. The money.

TOM. I gave you money last week.

BATES. Last week, yes.

TOM. Are you kidding me?

BATES. No more than you kidded me at college. I am not spending anywheres near the amount you did.

TOM. How much do you want?

BATES. (*Taking a couple of bills.*) That will do.

In scene two of the second act the plot carries on to the effect that as a result of his experiment in factory management, Tom Bates has had a revelation. He is informed that, notwithstanding his beneficent intentions, the men in the works are complaining. His father tells him that he must expect such a complaint.

TOM. I didn't expect it; when I have done so much for a lot of men as I have for those fellows.

BATES. Well, it's nothing serious, is it?

TOM. They're kicking because the factory is cold. Say the wind comes in at the big studio windows I had put in.

BATES. Isn't that the way you said you caught your cold?

TOM. I caught mine in the office that Simpson left unfinished while he worked on another job.

BATES. How did he come to do that?

TOM. Gave me a hard-luck story about being short of money, and he'd lose this other job unless I let him do it right away.

BATES. Well, that was nice and obliging of you.

TOM. It's all right to be nice and try to help your fellow man. But not if you are the only one who is working at it.

BATES. Still, I think we ought to, if we can.

TOM. You do, eh? You've changed your tune a little, haven't you?

BATES. I don't think so. I've always

been willing to help those who needed it.
TOM. Yes. That's the reason people called you "The Crab."

BATES. Well, if I was anything like you I don't wonder they called me that.

TOM. I've always tried to be nice to people. You never did. I don't know what folks expect. Ethel thought I was the greatest brother in the world while I let her run up bills all over the place. The moment I said she'd have to stop it, I was stingy and dictatorial. Florence was lovely so long as I gave her presents and let her dance her fool head off with that gabby cousin of hers. The moment I want a little of her company I am a selfish, brutal person, and she breaks her engagement. That I don't mind. It was the first time in a month that I felt like giving her a little kiss.

BATES. I thought you were to be the agreeable Mr. Bates. You were going to show me how politeness and good nature brought returns. (*Rises.*) You're not showing me anything now. I could tie one hand behind my back and be more disagreeable than you.

TOM. You think you could. You were a sweet-tempered mild-mannered old gentleman to what I could be.

The trial year is coming to an end in the third act when, with engagements and early marriages in prospect and performance, the backyard of the Bates home is given a setting for such as remain of such persons in the play as the elder Bates and his daughter, Ethel, who is anxious lest her father had married Geraldine (Jerry) during a trip they have taken to Florida. Questioned, the old man counters:

BATES. Married? To whom?

ETHEL. Jerry.

BATES. Did you hear that?

ETHEL. You are?

BATES. I didn't say so.

ETHEL. Tell me.

BATES. NO.

ETHEL. Oh, I'm so glad. (*Hugs him.*) She's a fine girl, of course—but—I thought and so did Tom, that you were planning—

BATES. I know he did—just because I was nice to her. Damn it; this being nice to people can get one into more trouble—

ETHEL. Anyway, I am glad. You are—just my dad. You're a cranky old thing; but I love you.

BATES. Well, I am glad to hear you say that after all these years.

ETHEL. And you haven't changed a bit. I believe you are going to be just as grouchy as ever.

BATES. You bet I am. When I first left here in November, I thought I'd give Tom's plan a trial.

ETHEL. WHAT!

BATES. I did. I was just as pleasant as Tom ever was. I took all the bad rooms they gave me in the hotels without a kick—waited for ice water, mail, meals, papers, patiently and with a smile. Got bad service on dining-cars, in fact took the worst end or whatever end I was given without a complaint. And it's no good. It may be for some people, but not for me. I found if I kicked for what I wanted and was due me, I got it. Folks didn't like me so much maybe, but as I wasn't stuck on them it didn't matter.

Tom enters and, after his sister has excused herself, admits to his father that he has not succeeded as he had hoped to do, in the business, in the home or in the matrimonial line.

BATES. Well, haven't they a custom at college where the losing team gives the winner a cheer, or something like that?

TOM. Do you want me to cheer you?

BATES. No. I only want to see you a good loser.

TOM. It's much easier to be a good loser than a good winner. Go ahead and laugh.

BATES. I'm not laughing; nor do I want to. Do you think it is a laughing matter to me to see my son not make good?

TOM. Well, you're not surprised, are you? You said I couldn't.

BATES. Did I?

TOM. As I recall it.

BATES. No, I didn't. I said you couldn't do it the way you planned, with a "How to Be Successful" magazine and a glad hand for everybody.

TOM. Well, I guess you were right.

BATES. Then one good has come out of it all. You've learned that I can be right sometimes.

TOM. If it is satisfying to you, I'll say you are never wrong. I am sorry I let you in for a loss. I am not sure of the exact amount. Kneeland hasn't the figures complete, but it is quite a bit below your average.

BATES. You talk as though I cared

(Continued on page 73)



ROBERT McWÄDE AND BLYTH DALY SHINE IN FRANK CRAVEN'S
"NEW BROOMS"

The former enacts to the life the grouchy broom manufacturer, Thomas Bates,
and the latter, as Geraldine Marsh, makes a winsome little housekeeper.



M. FIRMIN GÉMIER AS SHYLOCK, IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

Secretary of State Hughes has set a precedent by inviting the actor-director of the Odeon Theater, of Paris, and his company to present, in addition to Shakespearean, a series of French dramatic masterpieces in America. His reception has been cordial.

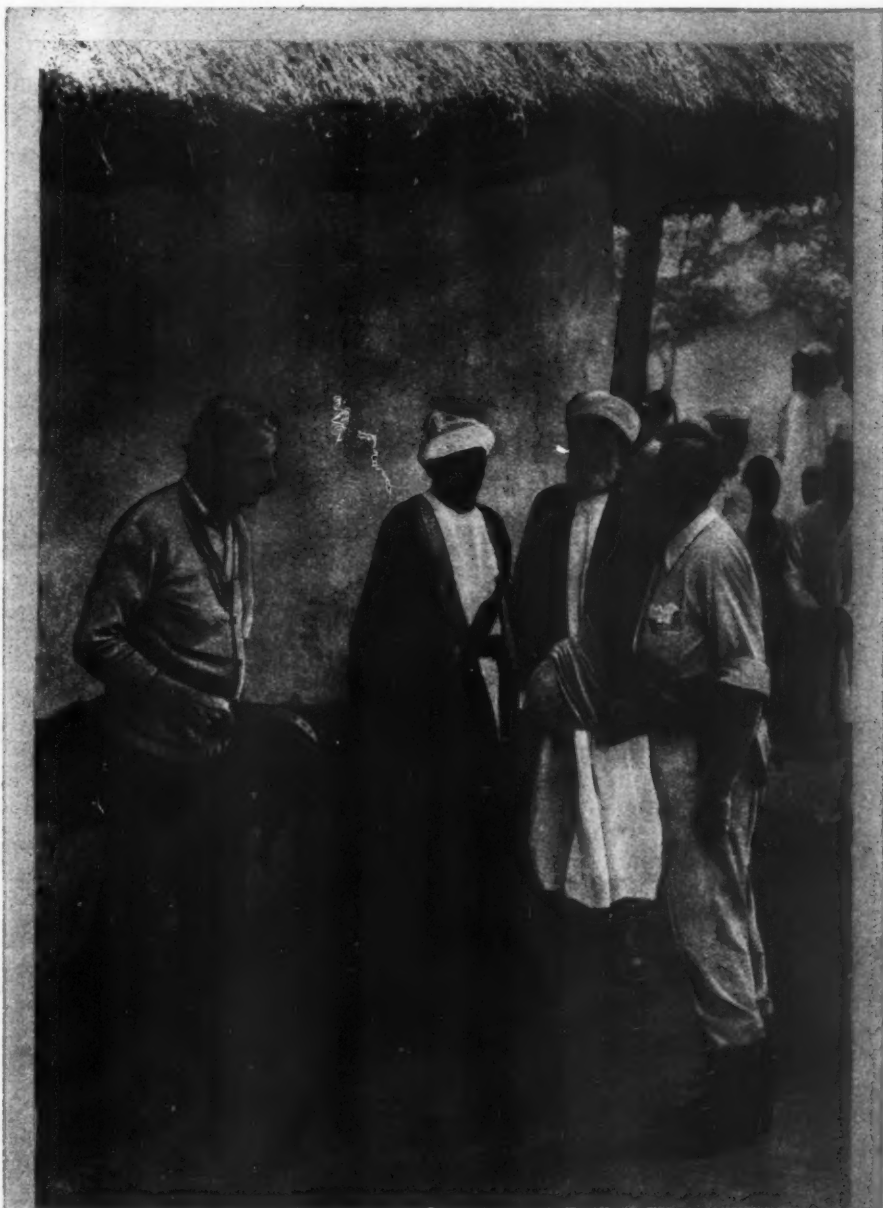


MIRABELL (WM. RAINEY) WOOING MRS. MILLAMANT (GERTRUDE BRYAN) IN WILLIAM CONGREVE'S CLASSIC COMEDY
First produced in London 225 years ago, this famous play is enjoying its première in America, thanks to the New York Cherry Lane Players.



EUGENE O'NEILL WRITES A PLAY OF DARKEST NEW ENGLAND

"*Desire Under the Elms*" is variously pronounced "remorselessly grim," "black, tortured, rancorous tragedy," a "chunk of raw life." Showing old man Cabot (Walter Huston), his son Eben (Charles Ellis) and his wife, Abbie (Mary Morris), in the three principal rôles of this powerful but repellent play.



Courtesy London Graphic

"DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME!"

Henry M. Stanley's famous phrase is used effectively in the English Hero Films of the great African adventure, soon to be shown in the United States.



**"FAME AND FORTUNE"—A PRIZE PICTURE AT THE WINTER
ACADEMY**

One of the most arresting pictures at the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York City is Eugene F. Savage's "Fame and Fortune," awarded the Isidor Medal. This painting is worked out against a background of yellow, and has a story interest apart from its clever technique. We can see the new generation climbing up to snatch the prizes of fame and fortune, while old age turns sadly away.



© Underwood

"HE SNATCHED LIGHTNING FROM THE SKIES"

This painting by Benjamin West of Benjamin Franklin making his famous kite and key experiment, has lately come to New York from England.



© International

SYMBOLIZING THE LANDING OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES IN FRANCE

Heroic Statue by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, entitled "The Crusader," measuring 60 x 60 feet, is to be unveiled June 26, 1926, in St. Nazaire Bay where the first American troops landed.

(Continued from page 64)

about money. I don't. I've worked hard for it; but I've always been able to make it. I hate to talk about myself—but if I was broke on a desert, I could sell sand to the Arabs. I'll make up any loss. I don't mind that. But I can't make my son understand me, and that's the loss I feel.

TOM. Well, you *don't* understand. Things are different to-day than they were when you were a boy.

BATES. Yes. I said that to my father, Tom; and if you have boys—which please God you will—they'll say it to you. . . . I am not trying to talk now of the world and its manners, its inventions, its increased wealth and its decreased modesty. Those things are different. Kids to-day ride where I walked; they have a dollar where I had a penny; they have *their* clothes made where I had my dad's things cut down. Things *are* different. I can remember that when I was a boy and went to the theater the girls wore tights. My folks thought that was terrible. I didn't. I've seen some of the pictures you have in your room. I think they are pretty raw. You don't. Can you imagine what *you* will think of the pictures your boys will have? . . . Did you really think you could know as much about business, with no experience, as I do with forty years of it? Do you think from reading the lives

of famous men that you know as much about mankind as I do, who have met all sorts of scoundrels? Do you think I didn't swipe my first smoke? Do you think I didn't sneak my dad's razor for my first shave? Do you think you have done any of the hundred and one things boys do, I haven't done? You can't tell me anything about boys. You've only *been* one. I've *been* and *had* one. And if you think now I am going to gloat over the way you have fallen down on this bet, you're mistaken. When you were a baby I taught you to walk; then came a time when you thought you could do it alone, and I let you go to it. You started off with a rush, and then went down—flop. You looked at me ready to bawl—not that you were hurt, but surprised; and then you laughed—laughed. I gave you my hand and you pulled yourself up and started again. Tom, can't you see I am only trying to help you now the way I did then? It's my duty to do it. So, for God's sake, be a baby once more, *laugh* and go at it *again*. What's a bump?

So the play ends, with father and son arriving at an understanding, and with the implication that Tom will soon find a wife in the very personable Geraldine Marsh.

War Stimulates Interest in Music

But it Stifles the Creative Genius of Musicians

GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, and Rudolph Wurlitzer, of a family that has been making and selling musical instruments since the seventeenth century, have decidedly opposite opinions as to the effect that war has on music. Whereas Gatti-Casazza attributes "the present famine in musical genius" to the World War, Wurlitzer points out that thirty million people play musical instruments in this country to-day, as compared with half that number who did so five years ago, and "the recent stimulus to music is due to the way it was used during the war." Warring nations learned that music was indispensable.

In the beginning England practically stopped the sale of musical instruments, thinking them a luxury. But in a few months it was apparent that not only the soldiers at the front, but the folks that stayed at home and worked and waited, needed music, and England reversed her decision. Mr. Wurlitzer is thus quoted, in the *American Magazine*:

"Music had its biggest impetus in this country in the hard times that followed the war. Incident to which, however, the people who buy musical instruments vary in prosperous times from those who buy in times of adversity. When they are flush they buy for different reasons—they want a new piano to decorate a room, for instance. When hard times come

there are plenty of purchasers, but they are of a different character. Fathers and mothers seeking careers for their children come to buy instruments to start them in their life work; the man who has lost his job comes in to exchange his old and worn-out saxophone for a new one. He has time and energy to practice now, which he had not when he was busy, and *leisure* means music, as is demonstrated by the statement that the State of California buys twice as much music, *per capita*, as any other State in the country. Many people go to California when they retire. They have leisure, and they begin to study again, renewing the music of their youth. Their children, copying them, also begin to study."

A shift from the East to the West as the center of musical appreciation has occurred within the past ten years, we are told. Three decades ago there were but five great symphony orchestras in the United States—in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and Cincinnati. But now almost a hundred cities have "orchestras which, although not as large as those mentioned, are doing equally fine work;

notably Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Rochester, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New Orleans and Atlanta."

Bemoaning, on the other hand, what he declares to be an existing famine in great composers and singers, the grand opera impresario, Gatti-Casazza blames the war for "affecting the nerves of all of us. We are more nervous and more impatient than before." In particular:

"Composers and singers lack the patience which in the old days made them work hard for years and years in order to perfect a beautiful voice or a splendid composition. Of Americans I find this strikingly true. There is nothing in the American climate, or the American temperament, which unfits young Americans to be either great singers or composers. But in this country, especially since the war, the young American dislikes the prospect of many years of practice. Success, he thinks, must come soon, or it is not worth striving after. . . . The whole world is restless and impatient to-day; and such a mood is not that in which genius is born or developed."

Ghosts of Plays that had Costly Flings

Huge and Quick Profits or Losses in the Producing Game

PRODUCING plays in the competition for metropolitan favor is a game of chance whose fascination is largely explained by the fact that its devotees seek and frequently find, not a 7 to 10 or 15 per cent., but a 1,000 to 1,500 per cent. return on the capital at stake. As an illustration there is "The Showoff," on which Stewart and French, the producers, could not have spent more than \$10,000 in preparing it for Broadway and which in an eighty-week run in New York is estimated to have netted them \$150,000. In addition, the picture rights should add \$150,000 to the gross, half of which goes to the producers, thereby bringing them \$225,000 clear on the metropolitan engagement of this little comedy. Eighty weeks constitute a year and a half. The gain, on this estimate, should

represent 1,500 per cent. on the original investment, and the play should continue making money for two or three seasons on tour.

That is one side of the picture. Bide Dudley, in the N. Y. *Evening World*, presents the other side in discussing the theatrical storehouses where rest the "bones" of thousands of productions that failed. He recalls for us the ghosts of many plays, heralded in their time as "sure-fire hits," stalking through these storehouse "cemeteries." For instance:

"Visit in fancy the A. L. Erlanger 'last resting place of shows' and one may see the spectre of the late lamented 'Hassan' moving restlessly about. And, were the ghost inclined to talk, he might mutter mournfully something like this: 'I was considered a promising fellow, but I died

of public neglect. In less than a month at the Knickerbocker Theater I spent \$125,000, all to no avail. I am the ghost of Hassan. Woe is my portion.'

"Suppose the visitor went then to the William A. Brady storehouse and set the wheels of his imagination in motion! First of all the ghost of the Insect Play, renamed 'The World We Live In,' undoubtedly would stalk forth. This specter, were he inclined to talk, would bemoan the fact that, although Mr. Brady spent \$80,000 on him, the public would not let him live. 'It was weird; it was magnificent,' he would moan, 'but patronage is my food.' Many other Brady ghosts might appear, among them that of 'Life,' now cold in death, and that of 'The Awful Mrs. Eaton,' which cost the producer \$30,000.

"In another 'graveyard' might be encountered the ghost of the Production Managers' Association's 'As You Like It.'

"Two weeks I lived,' he would moan, 'and here I am doomed to remain always. Augustus Thomas brought me into being, but the public was cruel; likewise one or two of the players. I cost \$50,000, and now what am I worth? Possibly \$200. Oh, pity me!'

"Another storehouse ghost might be found in the 'cemetery' where Philip Goodman's recent failure, 'Dear Sir,' lies buried. Its moan would tell of a loss of about \$75,000 and of salvage hopes foot-

ing up to less than \$4,000. Continuing his tour the imaginative one might run across the ghosts of 'Sealed Orders' and 'Hop O' My Thumb,' Drury Lane productions, representing a loss of \$100,000. The scenery and effects of these plays were brought from England under bond. Later most of the productions were taken to Canada and destroyed. A few remaining sticks would have to supply the ghosts.

"In another place the ghosts of the productions made by the New Theater organization at the Century might be found mournfully stalking about. They, were they inclined musically, might render a dirge telling of a total loss of about \$1,000,000. In the Comstock and Gest 'graveyard,' 'Aphrodite' and 'Mecca,' represented by ghosts, could tell tales of varying luck, hard in the main.

"In solemn array might be seen the spectres of Arthur Hopkins's 'Macbeth,' Walter Hampden's pirate play, Arthur Hammerstein's 'Nine o'Clock Revue,' David Belasco's 'The Man Inside,' the Century Roof show, 'Round the Town,' 'Merry Wives of Gotham,' the last named bemoaning a loss of \$30,000; 'The Prince of India,' with its \$150,000 loss; 'Johannes Kreisler,' whispering curses over the fate which cost the Selwyns \$125,000; several productions of the old Liebler Company, each growing at a deficit of more than \$100,000, and hundreds of others."

Secrets of Popular Song-Writing

Romance Elbows Tragedy in the Making of Big Hits

SONGS, like singers, travel varied roads to fame. Some make brilliant metropolitan recital débuts, while others modestly go barnstorming. Winning popular approval is the affair of a few months for some songs, but others struggle along for years before "arriving." Many have meteoric careers, mount into the million class within a year or two and then fade into obscurity. There is no rule to go by, though certain characteristics appear to be essential. A best seller must be tuneful and not too difficult to be sung by others than trained concert singers. Many songs that are immensely successful in concert fail to attain large sales. Sentiment is an apparent essen-

tial. It is the simple universal appeal that succeeds. There's no room for the cynical or the vacuously smart among the songs that endure.

Reviewing, in *Musical America*, the history of many songs best known to fame, Joel Swensen cites "A Perfect Day" as the most successful of recent best sellers. Its theme, we read, came to Carrie Jacobs-Bond in an upper room of the Glenwood Mission Inn at Riverside, Calif., as she paused in dressing for dinner to watch "the end of a perfect day." She wrote two of the verses off-hand and read them to her friends at dinner. The melody came later as she was driving across the Mojave

Desert at the end of another "perfect day." It was in 1910 that the composer, struggling to support herself and her son after the death of her husband, published this as one in a collection of seven songs for a dollar. At first returns were very slow. Mrs. Bond who, in addition to writing the words and music, was her own publisher, and even painted the cover design, then introduced her songs by singing them in public at every opportunity. Gradually they "caught on" and the aggregate sales are set at more than 5,000,000 copies. Of other songs:

"Invictus" went the recital route to fame. Bruno Huhn set the poem by W. E. Henley to music at the request of Francis Rogers, who sang it for the first time in Bar Harbor, Me., in August, 1910, and later the same year in Mendelssohn Hall, New York. Within a few weeks Reinold Werrenrath and Bertram Schwahn also sang it. The public was quick to appreciate the merits of 'Invictus.' During the war it enjoyed a considerable vogue, and its popularity has been maintained.

"Among the songs that were originally sold outright by the composers and later earned large royalties under new agreements with the publishers are 'Silver Threads Among the Gold' and 'At Dawning.' Although the former has earned \$25,000 in royalties since the copyright was renewed, Hart Pease Danks, the composer, was said to have received only \$15 for it, and out of that he paid Eben E. Rexford \$3 for writing the words. The song became popular soon after its publication in 1873. When Danks died in 1903 the sales had diminished considerably, but in 1910 the song took a spurt that lasted for two years, and its popularity has continued.

"When he composed 'At Dawning' in 1906 Charles Wakefield Cadman was little known. He had no difficulty in finding a publisher, however, and he sold the song for a modest \$15. For five or six years barely enough copies were sold to pay the cost of publication. Then Alessandro Bonci, tenor, heard the song and liked it. He decided to sing it on a coast-to-coast concert tour. Its popularity dated from that tour.

"'Oh Promise Me,' composed in 1889, was the most popular song in Reginald De Koven's comic opera, 'Robin Hood.'

Ever since its first introduction it has been used a great deal in concerts, and for a generation it has been considered one of the requisites of a well-conducted wedding. Its popularity, as indicated by sales, continues undiminished and even appears to be growing.

"De Koven's setting of Kipling's 'Recessional,' published in 1898, has also enjoyed a considerable vogue, chiefly on Memorial Day and Armistice Day programs. The most popular musical setting of a Kipling poem is Oley Speak's 'On the Road to Mandalay.' Ever since it was published in 1907 it has enjoyed the unique distinction of being sung in cabarets, concerts and barracks at the same time. Another successful Kipling setting is Walter Damrosch's 'Danny Deever,' which was a favorite with David Bispham.

"Tenors were nearly deprived of J. C. Bartlett's 'Dream.' When Bartlett, himself a lyric tenor, submitted it to a well-known publisher, it was promptly declined. A second publisher could see nothing in it, but the third published it. That was in 1895. Bartlett introduced it, and it has been a favorite teaching and concert piece ever since, the sales having piled up to an enormous total.

"Frequently it requires unusual circumstances to make the public appreciate a song. For eighteen years American audiences had been hearing and applauding the Kashmiri Song, 'Pale Hands I Loved,' one of the Four Indian Love Lyrics by Amy Woodforde-Finden, but comparatively few copies were sold. Then Rudolph Valentino appeared in a motion-picture version of 'The Sheik,' and a Washington theater manager presented a prologue in which a singer in desert garb sang the Kashmiri Song. At once there was a demand for it. The publishers had never printed more than 500 copies in one edition and the supply was exhausted with one order from a Washington music dealer. As picture and prologue traveled through the country the demand grew. Within three months 10,000 copies were sold, and the song has remained a best seller ever since. Mrs. Woodforde-Finden died before her song became popular."

Few amateurs appear in the list of successful song writers, and recently there has been a war against fake music publishers who have encouraged the belief that there are millions to be made in a single song success.

Origin of the Cross-Word Puzzle

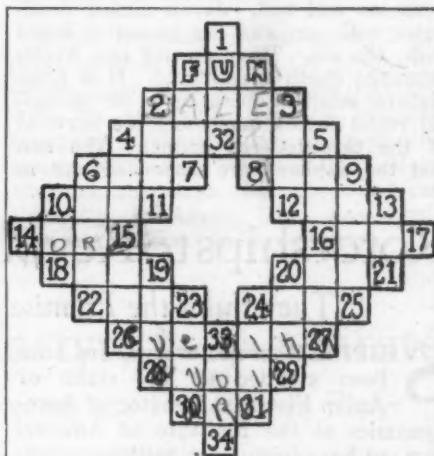
Arthur Winn Is Credited With Its Invention in 1913

MAH-JONGG has vanished before the face of the cross-word puzzle. So violent has the cross-word craze become that an athletic director has publicly deplored the demoralization of his football squad by the tantalizing puzzles, and some Broadway theatrical managers are reported to have found their chorus girls missing their cues on the same account. If Nero strummed while Rome went up in flames, writes one alarmist, so to-day the servant puzzles while the bacon burns.

In its essential idea the cross-word puzzle is not new. It is a collateral descendant of the rebus, the rhomboid, the word square, the diamond and the acrostic, those simpler variants which ran regularly in most mid-Victorian periodicals and which have survived to this day in some old-fashioned magazines.

According to Victor H. Lawn, in the *New York Evening World*, the first genuine cross-word puzzle was composed by Arthur Winn and appeared in a supplement of the *Sunday World* on December 21, 1913. Winn devised his puzzle from a vague recollection of something he had once seen in the *London Graphic*.

It was not until some months later, we read, that Winn deviated from his original design and was soon creating octopi and other fantastic shapes. Later, and this it is said is his chief claim to a statue to be erected by the cross-word puzzle guild, he developed the present graphology—inserting black squares in the spaces between letters. The outbreak of the World War arrested momentarily the budding craze, but the puzzles were revived as a feature in the *World* in 1916, though the present fad has sprung up chiefly since they appeared in book form about a year ago. These books are the outstanding best sellers of the year.



THE FIRST CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

It appeared in *Fun*, a supplement to the *New York Sunday World*, in 1913, and is claimed to be the progenitor of all cross-word puzzles since then. Its key follows: 2-3—What bargain hunters enjoy. 4-5—A written acknowledgment. 6-7—Such and nothing more. 10-11—A bird. 14-15—Opposed to less. 18-19—What this puzzle is. 22-23—An animal of prey. 26-27—The close of a day. 28-29—Elude. 30-31—The plural of is. 3-9—To cultivate. 12-13—A bar of wood or iron. 16-17—What artists learn to do. 20-21—Fastened. 24-25—Found on the seashore. 10-18—The fiber of the gomuti palm. 6-22—What we all should be. 4-26—A day dream. 2-11—A talon. 19-28—A pigeon. F-7—Part of your head. 23-30—A river in Russia. 1-32—To govern. 33-34—An aromatic plant. N-8—A fist. 24-31—To agree with. 3-12—Part of a ship. 20-29—One. 5-27—Exchanging. 9-25—To sink in mud. 13-21—A boy.

Cross-word puzzle addicts praise the game for its aid to their vocabularies. This vocabulary, as the *New York Times* remarks, is curiously standardized and restricted. For example:

"There is really only one river in this new cosmos. It is the Po. Romulus and Remus evidently made a mistake by concentrating on the Tiber. Egypt made her place in history secure by developing a bird named ibis and a goddess named Isis.

Gutenberg's real contribution to civilization was the em and the pi. In Judæa's annals Solomon's glory has been dimmed by the son of Abijah, who took care to provide himself with two vowels to one consonant—Asa. China has done her bit with lao and tael. Japan almost dominates with yen and her immortal broad sash, the obi. There is only one world-language worth speaking of. It is Erse. Natural selection operating in the zoological realm favors immensely the survival of the three-lettered animal. The lion and the elephant are dethroned and in

their place rule the emu, the gnu and the eel. If Coleridge's Mariner were living in this cross-world of ours, he would not be carrying an albatross around his neck. He would be proudly sporting an auk. Cross-words puzzling on the origin of life differ as to whether the auk came before the ovum or the ovum before the auk. . . . How long the craze will last is not difficult to predict. From the violence of the fever we gather that the crisis is near. Any day now may witness a sudden subsidence in the passion and the tumult—we mean the vim and the din."

Rotorships to Revolutionize Commerce

If They Fulfil the Promise of Their German Inventor

SHIPPING circles everywhere have been startled by the claim of Anton Flettner, Director of Aerodynamics at the Institute of Amsterdam, to have invented a sailless "windship," or "rotorship," which would revolutionize water transportation. The rotorship, according to its backers, is propelled like a sailboat solely by air currents, but harnesses them so much more effectively that the speed of a steam freighter can be maintained, and most of the crew dispensed with. (For illustration see page 42.)

What apparently lends importance to the Flettner announcement is a dispatch from Berlin to *Lloyd's Shipping Gazette* in London saying that the Hamburg American Shipping Company has ordered the immediate construction of ten rotorships. Already one model is being operated experimentally out of Kiel, and a second is nearing completion which, it is said, will be sent to the United States. The principle on which the rotorship works should theoretically be applicable to the generation of power on land, and the construction in Berlin of a Flettner plant for the production of electric current is said to be under way.

The model windship which has been demonstrated at Kiel is a former sailing vessel, the 2,000 ton, steel-hulled *Buckau*. In the *N. Y. Times* we read:

"It derives its motor power from two revolving cylinders towering above its deck in place of masts. These cylinders are 65 feet high and nine feet in diameter. They make 120 revolutions a minute, producing about fifteen times as much motive power as that needed for propelling a fully equipped sailing vessel of the same size. The *Buckau* is completely denuded of masts, sails and rigging, while straight up from her superstructure protrude the two strange, smooth cylinders whereby the inventor claims he has enslaved the wind as it was never enslaved, even in the palmiest days of the fast clipper ships."

The cylinders devised by Herr Flettner are each equipped with a 10 h. p. motor furnishing the power to make them rotate. Catching the wind from the side, the rotating towers divert the air currents in the direction of the bow. In accordance with a physical principle defined by the German scientist Magnus in the last century, a condition of suction is created in front of the mast, and of pressure behind it, and in a fair breeze this is sufficient to propel the vessel forwards at a rate of five miles an hour. One of the best descriptions of the rotorship has appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*, which treats the claims of Flettner seriously:

"Herr Flettner is said to have demonstrated [says the *Guardian*] that by means of his twin towers he can obtain

fifteen times the energy that sail would yield, and with a great economy in man power. The boat remains comparatively steady in storms, it can sail closely into the eye of the wind, and, of course, the whole elaborate process of setting and reefing sails is dispensed with. One man can, from the bridge, alter the course of his ship without the delay and labor normally needed for tacking. In the *Berliner Tageblatt*, which prints an interview with Herr Flettner, the claim is made that if the device is used as an auxiliary even the largest ocean-going liners may hope to save the greater part of their present fuel costs, with a consequent reduction in freights and fares of some 30 per cent.

by drawing anything from 10,000 to 20,000 horse-power from the wind. It is a stupendous claim, and if a tithe of it is justified . . . the windship will mark as notable a point in the history of shipping as did the coming of the steamer."

Beside the Hamburg American Shipping Company, it is said the Krupp interests have gone ahead experimenting with the rotorship, and the Zeppelin Company is investigating its possibilities in connection with aviation. Herr Flettner also says that the Goodyear Company, in Akron, Ohio, has manifested an interest in his invention.

Captain Kidd a Martyr, Not a Pirate

Records Come to Light Exonerating the Famous Sea Rover

CAPTAIN KIDD, for more than two centuries execrated by all good Christians as the arch-pirate of history, was in fact an innocent man, victim to a foul political conspiracy in which his own friends framed him. His hanging at Execution Dock on the margin of the Thames in 1701 was a gross and deliberate perversion of justice. Instead of a villain, he was a martyr.

So contends Homer H. Cooper, lecturer in law at Northwestern University, in the *American Mercury*; and in his review of Kidd's life, based on official documents, he completely dispels the clouds of romance and myth which have long transformed a rather commonplace sea-captain into a glamorous buccaneer.

Born in 1654, William Kidd for the first 43 years of his life enjoyed an unblemished reputation as a worthy citizen and faithful servant to the King. His father was a respectable Scottish clergyman. He himself went to sea young, and at the age of thirty-five we find him in New York, a successful merchant shipmaster with a comfortable fortune, enjoying the esteem of his neighbors. He shortly married a widow

of good family and began to rear a family.

In 1695 Kidd's shipping business took him on board one of his own vessels to London. There he fell in with Richard Coote, Earl of Bellomont, who had just been appointed Governor of the New England colonies by King William III. with the special intention that he should "put down the swarm of pirates who infest our North American coast and wax rich on English commerce." After some negotiations, Bellomont had the High Court of Admiralty issue to Captain Kidd a letter of marque directing him to capture enemy commerce, and in addition the Lord Chancellor gave "our trusty and well-beloved" Kidd a special commission to scour the seas for "pirates, free-booters, and sea-rovers."

In the late summer of 1698 Captain Kidd sailed out of New York on board the *Adventure*, a 287-ton galley, bound on the voyage that was to make him famous. His crew had been recruited from the riff-raff of the London and New York water-fronts. For almost three years he sailed the main, and in that time what did he do? The first nine months of cruising in the Atlantic and the Caribbean were utterly fruit-

less. His crew disgruntled and his supplies running low, Kidd sailed the *Adventure* around the Cape of Good Hope and hovered near Madagascar, long since a nest for pirates. Soon Kidd overhauled a vessel of doubtful nationality, captained by an Englishman, and took from her a bale of pepper, a bag of coffee, and a few gold pieces. At most this was petty larceny. But this incident laid the grounds for the Kidd myth, for the English captain, upon his return to London, spread the report that Kidd, sailing under royal orders, had himself turned pirate. The bitter political enemies of the Lord Chancellor grabbed this chance to hold the King's Government responsible for the destruction of British shipping!

Meantime, Kidd's crew of ruffians was becoming unruly. When a Dutch vessel hove in sight, they tried to force him to board her, but he refused, true to the orders he was sailing under, and in the course of his recriminations with his crew he killed the ringleader of the mutiny. Later he was condemned to be hanged for this deed, all the more excusable when conditions before the mast in that day are considered. Months dragged on, and the *Adventure's* catches were few and poor. One of them, a Moorish vessel sailing under a false French pass, yielded two horses, some quilts and a few trinkets! As a French vessel, Kidd regarded this a legitimate enemy prize. Finally the *Adventure* captured the rich *Quedagh Merchant*, also sailing under French papers, with a cargo worth half a million dollars. In none of these cases were the captive crews made to "walk the plank," and there was apparently little fighting. Presumably disgusted with Kidd's scrupulous observance of his orders, most of his seamen deserted him for one Culliford, a genuine pirate operating out of Madagascar.

All this time Kidd little realized that at home the enemies of the Lord Chancellor were assailing him as a way to work that official's overthrow. As Cooper states the case, Kidd's "career had now lasted from August to Janu-

ary, barely six months, and yet he had already, in all innocence, achieved the reputation of being the world's worst pirate!" The King's Government, forced to answer the assaults of their enemies, had placed a price on his head. As soon as Kidd learned the facts, he proceeded as fast as the winds could carry him to Boston, stopping at the eastern end of Long Island to bury the share of his booty which fell to him and his original backers. He handed over his papers to Lord Bellomont, including the French passes of his captured prizes. Placed under arrest, he was sent to London, and there, in 1700, he was thrown into jail to await trial, without friends or money. The Government, eager to display its virtue, railroaded his case. In accordance with judicial custom in his day, he was not allowed counsel, and when he asked for time so as to obtain the French passes which would have freed him from the charge of piracy, his request was refused. He was charged with murdering a member of his crew and with piracy. From the start his situation was hopeless, and he was duly executed.

Almost two centuries later a letter of Lord Bellomont's came to light confirming the fact that the French passes had been in his hands, and one of these very documents has since been found in the archives of the British Public Record Office.

As for Kidd's treasure, there was never more to it than the chest buried on Gardiner's Island, at the eastern end of Long Island Sound, and it was dug up and the contents appropriated by Lord Bellomont two weeks after Kidd left it there. Its contents were officially inventoried: 200 bars of silver, an enamel silver box containing six diamonds, a gold ring, six bags of gold, a handkerchief of gold, a coral necklace, two silver candlesticks, sixty-seven rubies and other precious stones, and a few coins. Additional booty on the sloop consisted of fifty-seven bags of sugar and thirty-eight bags of calico, and the total value of all was fixed by the appraising committee at \$25,000.

Birth Control as an Unsolved Problem

Medical Science Has Nothing Positive, As Yet, to Report

FOR two generations the martyr-propagandists of the so-called "birth control" movement on both sides of the Atlantic have endured imprisonment and persecution as a result of their efforts to publish contraceptive information; and yet, if the truth were told, one would have to admit, according to Morris Fishbein, Associate Editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, that birth control is still an unsolved problem. In connection with this statement Dr. Fishbein cites the presidential address, before the American Medical Association last June, in which Dr. William Allen Pusey devoted himself to the subject of the limitation of population, and brought to the support of an argument for birth control most of the familiar facts about the impossibility of supporting the population of the future on the land of the present. "I particularly desire," he said, "that the mistaken impression should not go out that I mean to say that medicine now has any satisfactory program for birth control. It has not."

In the tomes of the ardent economists, biologists, sociologists and philosophers who favor birth control, the eager reader, Dr. Fishbein continues (in an article in the *American Mercury*), will search fruitlessly for any practical program, or, indeed, for any practical method. His disappointment will not, moreover, depend entirely on the fact that our government, either wisely or unwisely, has made unlawful the dissemination of such knowledge as is available. "The fact is that none of the students of the problem, not even the physicians, have ever perfected any method of birth control that is physiologically, psychologically and biologically sound in both principle and practice."

The difficulties inherent in the birth control problem have in part to do with

the imagination. There can be no successful birth control without a degree of self-restraint and of regard for the future. Now every psychologist knows that people are slack in the practice of these and of similar virtues. The desire to plan for posterity is rare and connotes a high order of intelligence and public spirit.

But more important than this lack of altruistic imagination is the lack of any sure device for birth control. "Of all the devices at present available, the most ancient and most certain of all is that of simple continence. The chaste man or woman, obviously, never has a child. It is the contention of many religious and prudish persons that this continence is the only aid to the limitation of offspring that is approved by moral law. It is, on the other hand, the belief of most modern psychologists, and especially of the Freudians, that absolute continence . . . produces effects on the mental life and the daily behavior that are not conducive to a peaceful and healthful existence. Continence is hardly likely, therefore, to appeal to the more intelligent members of the community. And it is only by the more intelligent members of the community that one may expect it to be practised at all!"

Each of the chief advocates of birth control has some method which he or she considers the ideal; but the fact that Margaret Sanger, in America, and Dr. Marie Stopes, in England, do not agree should be sufficient evidence in itself that the ideal has not been reached.

The conclusion reached by Dr. Fishbein is that medical science, despite all the time and effort spent, is not yet satisfied with the achievements of its investigators in this field. Research workers are still seeking methods which are scientifically safe and psychologically satisfactory.

Bringing the Bible Up to Date

Dr. Fosdick Discusses "Progressive Revelation"

IN a new book entitled "The Modern Use of the Bible" (Macmillan), the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, "guest" preacher at the First Presbyterian Church and professor in Union Theological Seminary, New York City, presents an evolutionary view of the Scriptures. This book consists of the Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching delivered at Yale University last Spring, and is being scrutinized with special interest at the present time as a considered statement of the religious attitude of the man whose conflict with Presbyterian fundamentalists since 1922 has attracted national and even international attention. By reason of his uncompromising stand in that controversy, Dr. Fosdick has often appeared to be a radical. His own description of himself, however, is summed up in the word "liberal"; and the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, of Brooklyn, has gone so far as to describe him (in a review of the new book in the *New York Sun*) as "orthodox in the best and the permanent meaning of that sadly overworked term."

Dr. Fosdick stakes his faith in the Bible in the recognition of what he calls "progressive revelation." By this he means the gradual unfolding of a spiritual purpose. He finds the Bible crude on its scientific side. He finds it partaking, in every part, of the superstitions and cultural limitations of the periods which brought it forth. But he also finds it thoroughly up to date and intensely satisfying when he thinks of the way in which it deals with spiritual verities.

We are apt to forget that, through the ages, the basic human experiences have been the same. There are sin and its consequences, hunger and thirst after righteousness, love, hate and jealousy, heartbreak, grief and tragedy, joy, hope and the need of God. These emotions are treated by Homer, by

Shakespeare, by Goethe and, in fact, by all first-class writers. They are treated supremely in the Bible, and, as Dr. Fosdick claims, are developed progressively there with a sweep and impressiveness unparalleled in world-literature.

The evolution of the idea of God is particularly clear in the Scriptural narratives. We see, at the outset, God conceived like a man who walks in a garden in the cool of the day, or as one who comes down from the sky to confuse men's speech lest they should build their tower so high as to reach his home. But we see, later on, God revealed in Christ as the spiritual Presence in whom we live and move and have our being, whose name is love, and whose temples are human hearts.

The conception of man in Old Testament times identified soul with his physical breath, and pictured him as a being merged in his group who lacked separate rights here and immortality hereafter. This idea is superseded by a growing belief in the royal worthfulness of the individual until in the New Testament man is spirit, inwardly renewed though the outward man perish.

At the beginning of the Bible, emphasis is laid on ceremonialism and tribal custom. Ethics and rubric are jumbled together so that God equally hates David's sin with Bathsheba and David's taking of a census, or requires alike freedom from murder and refusal to seethe a kid in its mother's milk. By the time the Gospel period is reached, righteousness has been made central in the character of God, and in order to please him men must be shown to be inwardly right in thought and outwardly merciful in life.

There is something uniquely original in the Biblical development of the idea of pain. To start with, man's suffering is regarded as divine punishment or as a curse from God. In the book of Job

we see this idea being outgrown. In the end, suffering is largely redeemed from its old interpretation; is even welcomed as spiritual discipline; and is crowned in the Cross of Christ, where it actually becomes voluntary sacrifice as the means by which alone God can save the world.

All this fits into a view of the Bible which is essentially Christo-centric and is rationalistic mainly in its attitude toward miracles alleged to have taken place on the physical plane. As all roads, in the ancient saying, were supposed to lead to Rome, so all the Scriptural books, in Dr. Fosdick's interpretation, lead to Christ. Two of the lectures in the new book deal, respectively, with "Jesus, the Messiah" and "Jesus, the Son of God." Dr. Fosdick sums them up in the words: "I can think of nothing more foolish than, looking back over our race's history and discerning amid its tragedy and struggle this outstanding figure spiritually supreme, to minimize him, to tone down our thought of him, to reduce him so that we can all be like him. Rather let us exalt him! If God be not in him, God is not anywhere."

In the matter of physical miracle, Dr. Fosdick is candidly skeptical. He regards as "dangerously ridiculous" the idea that a man in order to be a loyal and devout disciple of Christ in the twentieth century A. D. must think that God in the ninth century B. C. miraculously sent bears to eat up unruly children or made an axe-head swim. He is inclined to take the view that the story of Jonah and the great fish may be parable; that the miraculous aspects of the plagues in Egypt may be legendary heightenings of historical events; and that accounts, in the New Testament, of walking on water, or blasting a tree with a curse may be just such stories as always have been associated with an era of outstanding personalities and creative spiritual power. He is willing to admit that he has not made up his mind in regard to even so fundamental a problem as that involved in the physical side of Christ's resurrection.

There are, however, certain kinds of miracles narrated in the Bible which he says that he cannot help believing. "Wherever," as he puts it, "a narrative in Scripture describes an experience in terms of miracle so that we recognize that the same kind of experience is open to us or would be open if we were receptive of God's incoming power, that narrative is fundamentally credible and useful." He continues:

"Providential guidance of men and nations, as in Israel's release from Egypt, divine calls and commissions, as when God spoke to Samuel in the temple, conversions like Paul's on the Damascus road, and endowments of the church with power as on Pentecost, answered prayers where men let in the waiting Spirit and came off more than conquerors, healings where men proved that Spirit is mightier than flesh—all through the Scripture such activity of divine power is presented in terms of miracle. Such experiences, however, are among the inevitable fruits of vital religion in any generation, and the Bible in such narratives does not so much call us to stretch our minds and believe in ancient events as to gird up our souls and reduplicate them in our own time."

Dr. Fosdick's method of Biblical interpretation has three great advantages. It saves us, in the first place, from what he regards as the old and impossible attempt to harmonize the Bible with itself, to make it speak with unanimous voice, to resolve its conflicts into a strained and artificial unity. How, he exclaims, could one suppose that such internal harmony ever could be achieved between writings so obviously contradictory as the book of Ecclesiastes and the epistles of Saint Paul. In the second place, it saves us from the necessity of apologizing for immature stages in the development of the Biblical revelation. And, above all, it restores to us the whole book seen as a unified development from early and simple beginnings to a great conclusion. "No part of it," we are told, "is without its usefulness. People to-day are living in all the stages of development which its records represent."

Sherwood Anderson's Quest

A Record of Mid-American Aspiration

ONE of the startling books of the winter is "A Story Teller's Story" (Huebsch), by Sherwood Anderson. Ostensibly an autobiography, it moves in the realm of fancy rather than of fact, and offers, in memorable language, an account of a life-long search for artistic and spiritual verities. Mr. Anderson mentions, during the course of his book, "The Education of Henry Adams," and his confession has been compared with that of his distinguished predecessor. But it needs to be said that the author of "A Story Teller's Story" is as naive and unsophisticated as Henry Adams was the opposite. The later work is incoherent and owes at least a part of its charm to that very fact, for it catches up and articulates, however vaguely, a Mid-American spirit that is still struggling for expression. In Theodore Dreiser's "Traveler at Forty" and "Hoosier Holiday" and, to a lesser extent, "A Book About Myself," Ernest Boyd (in the New York *Sun*) finds analogous expression of a state of mind peculiar to the groping, almost inarticulate stage of human evolution; while Sinclair Lewis (in the New York *Herald-Tribune*) describes the book as "the pilgrim's progress of a man at once a genuine artist and a small-town, pool-playing, story-telling Mid-Westerner."

Most of the early part of "A Story Teller's Story" passes in Ohio and is occupied with descriptions of Sherwood Anderson's father, who had fought in the Civil War and had been, at various times, a harness-maker, house-painter, sign-writer, traveling showman and tooter of a cornet in a village band. Mr. Anderson tells us that his father was a natural-born story-teller and that his own first literary efforts may have been tinged by "professional jealousy." This part of the narrative is admirably done and can challenge comparison with the best of American humorous writing.

When Sherwood Anderson's father died and he was thrown on his own resources, he drifted from place to place, looking on life from many angles. He worked in factories and machine-shops, took part in the Spanish-American War, frequented race tracks, failed in business and wrote advertisements. He read everything he could lay his hands on—Laura Jean Libbey, Walter Scott, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Fielding, Shakespeare, Jules Verne, Balzac, the Bible, Stephen Crane, dime novels, Fenimore Cooper, Robert Louis Stevenson, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells and Walt Whitman. He was burning with intellectual ambition.

Gradually the novels and stories by which he is known shaped themselves under his hands. As we think of their names—"Poor White," "Windy McPherson's Son," "Winesburg, Ohio," "The Triumph of the Egg," and the rest—we think of small-town life in the Middle West, of starved instincts, of men and women searching for happiness. With these stories Sherwood Anderson won a two-thousand dollar prize from the New York *Dial* and a national reputation. But his heart was as hungry as the hearts of the characters whom he described. He was always looking for something that he could not find.

Two years ago, he came to New York City seeking the company of authors, artists and literary critics. He met, among others, the photographer Alfred Stieglitz (to whom his new book is dedicated), and he talked with Van Wyck Brooks, Paul Rosenfeld, Waldo Frank, Stark Young, and many more. They helped him up to a certain point, but they left him unsatisfied.

Mr. Anderson tells us that he is both in love with America and in revolt against her. He "wants to belong, as all men do," but he wants to belong to something worth belonging to. He has

never been enamored of the type of culture represented by the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. He chose to say what he had to say in such journals as the *Little Review*, the *Double Dealer* and the *New Republic*. He declares:

"There is a thought I have had that is very delicious. It is this, and I daresay it will be an unwelcome thought to many: 'I am the American man. I think there is no doubt of it. I am just the mixture, the cold, moral man of the North into whose body has come the warm pagan blood of the South. I love and I am afraid to love. Behold in me the American man striving to become an artist, to become conscious of himself, filled with wonder concerning himself and others, trying to have a good time and not fake a good time. I am not English, Italian, Jew, German, Frenchman, Russian. What am I? I am tremendously serious about it all, but at the same time I laugh constantly at myself for my own seriousness. Like all real American men of our day I wander constantly from place to place striving to put down roots into the American soil and not quite doing it. If you say the real American man is not yet born, you lie. I am the type of the fellow.'

"This is somewhat of a joke on me, but it is a greater joke on the reader. As respectable and conventional a man as Calvin Coolidge has me in him—and I have him in myself! Do not doubt it. I have him in me and Eugene Debs in me and the crazy political idealists of the Western States and Mr. Gary of the Steel Trust and the whole crew. I accept them all as part of myself. Would to God they would thus accept me!"

In another passage, Sherwood Anderson expresses his protest against "standardization." He recalls a time in his boyhood when he watched an old woodworker walk through a forest and lovingly touch with his fingers a living tree, and he finds in the incident symbolic meaning. "What has mankind, in America," he asks, "not missed because men do not know, or are forgetting, what the old workman knew?" Then he says:

"Ford factories cannot kill the love of materials in the workman, and always



HE SPEAKS FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT
SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

Sherwood Anderson's latest book voices the groping, almost inarticulate, stage of human evolution.

and in the end the love of materials and tools in the workmen will kill the Fords. Standardization is a phase. It will pass. The tools and materials of the workmen cannot always remain cheap and foul. Some day the workmen will come back to their materials, out of the sterile land of standardization. If the machine is to survive it will come again under the dominance of the hands of the workmen, as it already, no doubt, is doing in a hundred, perhaps a thousand unknown places. The day of rediscovery of man by man may not be so far off as we fancy."

This book raises more questions than it answers, and leaves the reader, as it has evidently left the author, "up in the air." Yet the total effect conveyed is one of almost religious earnestness. Mr. Anderson would have us feel that individuality is sacred, and that America is just as holy a land as any other land.

"The Bachelor of Nature"

A Frenchman's Fervid Tribute to Thoreau

SIXTY-TWO years after his death, Henry David Thoreau, the poet-naturalist of Concord, Massachusetts, whom Ralph Waldo Emerson once described as "the bachelor of nature," is celebrated in a unique biographical study* by Léon Bazalgette. M. Bazalgette is already known in this country as the author of an excellent life of Walt Whitman. He is a Frenchman who has never set foot in America and yet who has made it his business for years to interpret certain aspects of American intellectual life to his countrymen. His new work fuses a hundred scattered documents into a coherent whole, and partakes at times of the nature of a prose-poem. "As a *tour de force*, no less than as an example of patient, painstaking labor," writes Alvan F. Sanborn in the *Boston Transcript*, "the work is worthy of warm commendation." It tells the story of a man in love with the earth.

The book opens with a detailed picture of Concord at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Thoreau's grandfather, a sailor, an adventurer and a molasses merchant on Long Wharf, Boston, had retired thither to die of consumption. His father, we learn, was at first a store-keeper and later a pencil-manufacturer, and Henry grew up in an atmosphere of plain living and high thinking in which he was able to indulge to the full his love of nature and love of study. He went to Harvard and then, with his brother John, opened a school in Concord. That part of the book which describes how these two built a boat and set out on the Concord and Merrimac rivers, and which tells of John's death, is a pure idyll.

Henry found it impossible to settle down in the ordinary way. His fancy was vagrant. His body was restless.

He refused not only to tie himself to a pencil-factory, but also to go to church or even to vote. A little later he was to spend a night in the Concord lock-up for refusing to pay a tax. He liked best to take long solitary walks and to set on paper the results of his thought and his observation.

The birth of that Transcendentalist movement which, as M. Bazalgette puts it, was "revealing a new life at the heart of the old withered Puritanism," naturally engrossed him. He was soon brought into personal contact with Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bronson Alcott and other leaders of the movement, and from 1841 to 1843 he lived in Emerson's household, looking after the latter's children, attending to the garden, doing odd jobs about the place and matching wits with the greatest intellectual figure of his time.

Thoreau loved his brother, loved Emerson, but loved most of all the fields and woods of Concord. M. Bazalgette writes:

"Nature has made him all nerves—visual, olfactory, auditory, gustatory, tactile. Henry, the virginal New Englander, is repaid for his chastity by the most voluptuous delights of the senses. The voice of sex has remained silent in him, or he has silenced it by a strict discipline for reasons of his own—because his race, his temperament, the gods of Concord demand it, and then because . . . because that is the way things go, it makes no difference: nature will have her due. Henry drinks water, but the essences of the waste lands intoxicate him. There is no symphony orchestra in the village, but a common accordion or a hand-organ in the street is enough to wring his heart, and a simple music-box enchants him. He eats little or no meat, but no epicure could scent with a more delicate nostril the savor of a solitude that is peopled with secret lives. If carnal emotion at the sight of the human body has not been annihilated in

* HENRY THOREAU: BACHELOR OF NATURE. By Léon Bazalgette. Tr. by Van Wyck Brooks. Harcourt, Brace.

him, it cowers in the darkness of so deep a cave that you will never catch a glimpse of it. But he has at his command five scouts who always have marvelous things to relate when they return to their master. They are able to put such delicate perception, such freshness into their reports that he could listen to them forever. Seeing, tasting, touching, hearing, smelling are a matchless intoxication when you are served by such stewards and have a soul in which their least declaration echoes and re-echoes."

Passing on to speak of the two years which Thoreau spent alone in the little shack that he built for himself near Walden pond, a mile out of Concord, M. Bazalgette asks: "Do you really imagine that he has nothing more important to do here than to contemplate the image of his own blessed purity in the mirror of the pond, or to listen to himself playing his flute on the water amid this encircling verdure?" He answers that "every hour at Walden is like the measure of sand passed through the sieve of a gold-seeker, it leaves enough of a residue to make a boy comfortable for the rest of his days"; and goes on to say:

"These fresh things that flow about the cabin surprise him in the midst of his labors with a beauty so pure and so exultant that he is obliged to drop his spade, his book or his housekeeping, sit down on the doorstep and simply surrender himself to the unknown things that are passing. You would say then that the earth had chosen this poor, shy boy whom you see absorbed there, on the threshold of his cabin, as an instrument for thinking in peace of its own unity and eternity. How can he say where he is? The planet is silent, time and space are strangely annihilated, the notion of any journey is lost, he may be at the antipodes. Under the pines of Walden, this man who is lost in his dream is Mir Mohammed Ali, perhaps, the painter of Ispahan; his American profile is drawn in miniature in the colors of a precious stone on the blue of the pond. Or is he some Chinese poet-philosopher in whom mingle the souls of animals and plants and hermits sitting under an arbor near a little lake? There comes to this man, as he listens to sound beyond sound, a music that is deeper and

more ample than the music of his everyday life; he feels on his palate as it were a taste of immortality—it grows clearer than the clear morning about him. This beetle that buzzes by, this sweetflag swaying on the pond are like messengers charged with transmitting to him the friendship of men who have dreamed the same dreams in the depths of the old Orient. He knows those men, he has invited them now and again in the evening to come and bear him company under his roof; they have never felt out of their element or constrained in a cabin as big as one's hand in the open woods. And the beautiful stories they have told him are not discordant with the cry of the whip-poor-will."

M. Bazalgette has very little to say of the books of Thoreau—of "Walden," "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" and the rest of that small but select group which will last as long as anything in American literature will last. He is concerned, first and foremost, with a *life* which, considered apart from its literary product, was itself the manifestation of a kind of genius. In a fanciful passage on the last page of the book, in which he conceives of the spirit-form of Thoreau watching his body being buried, we are told:

"He wants to lie down in the earth, deep in the earth, so that it may clasp him and whisper in his ear its old secret.

"He is sure now that the earth can speak to him the words he has been waiting for. The earth alone can feel the fervor with which he thinks of the beautiful life that might open like this gaping soil—of the great rambles he would take, with a miraculous knapsack on his back, drunk with adventure—of the page that he would write on his return, a page too rich for any magazine to publish—of the friends from whom no misunderstanding would ever, ever separate him any more (friendship, friendship, he would taste it now, for the husk would be off at last!)—of the joy of unbosoming himself fully.

"How beautiful it would all be! So beautiful that no notebook would ever be able to contain it, so beautiful that he would have to fling himself into his trench and carry it with him like a warm thought under the earth."

Turning Quicksilver Into Gold

Astonishing Discovery Is Announced by German Alchemist

WHETHER Dr. Adolph Miethe, who occupies the chair of physics at the Charlottenburg Technical School, Berlin, Germany, has succeeded in converting quicksilver into gold, is being warmly debated by scientists of both hemispheres. In making the announced transmutation, the German savant was engaged in researches on ultra-violet light. To procure this light in sufficient intensity he employed what is known as the Jaenicke quartz lamp containing the vapor of mercury, the liquid metal familiarly known as quicksilver. Through this vapor there was passed a powerful current of electricity, and after a time Dr. Miethe and

his assistant Dr. H. H. Stammreich noticed that the inside of the quartz bulb had become coated with a black film. On analysis, "it showed .01 to .10 of a milligram of gold." The method of experimentation is thus described by Dr. Miethe:

"The lamps used have in common the fact that the positive pole communicates with the air. This insures an efficient energy, which can be raised by surcharge, and which is not influenced by the diameter of the tube. In successful experiments we always worked with a tension of 170 volts at the electrodes. In accordance with laws laid down for the experiment we used lamps ranging in power from 400 to 2,000 watts. The current was used for a length of time ranging from 20 to 200 hours.

"Without further closer observation we may accept this fact: The formation of gold necessitates a certain minimum of tension and potential gradient. The fact in harmony with this is that we found no trace of gold in quicksilver lamps that had been used for a length of time.

"With the percentage of formed gold always minimum it was necessary to adopt more stringent safeguards against error to keep the discovered fact above suspicion. For this reason the same amount of quicksilver for the lamp was analyzed every time. It was shown that the current conductors were free of gold. The quicksilver, later used in the decisive experiments, showed upon the analysis of K. A. Hoffman, to be free of gold, as did ours. Also the extremely refined analytical methods completed by Haber, which he permitted us to use in our work, showed no gold. After the completion of the experiment this mercury, free from gold to begin with, showed the usual amount of gold."

The Haber referred to is Prof. Fritz Haber, winner of the Nobel prize in chemistry, who reports to the American Chemical Society regarding the experiments:

"In the quartz dish used, weighing fourteen grams, there was no gold, but .000006 grams of silver. As material for filling



© Keystone

A MODERN ALCHEMIST

Dr. Adolph Miethe, a German physicist of high standing, claims to have transmuted vapor of mercury into gold.

the lamp 'Kahlbaum' quicksilver was used, and two kilograms of this material contained .00000179 grams of silver and a very small quantity of gold, not enough to determine quantitatively.

"This quicksilver was subjected to slow distillation in vacuo. The distillate was free from gold, but still contaminated with traces of silver. A further distillation gave a material free from noble metal, of which 1.52 kilograms, a little more than three pounds, were used in filling the lamp. The lamp burned for 197 hours without interruption.

"The electrode potential varied over an average arc of 158 millimeters, about six inches, and at a density of 12.6 amperes between 160 and 175 volts. The emptying of the burner after cooling was done very carefully, as experience showed that gold-carrying viscous droplets of quicksilver were fastened stubbornly to the walls.

"The mercury from the lamp was subjected to a careful analysis and very slow drops of quicksilver .000082 grams of gold were recovered. The experiments, of course, need severe tests. After testing seventeen samples of quicksilver, which were given

to me by Miethe and Stammreich, I have been unable to detect gold."

As a result of the controversy, arrangements have been made for the cooperation of Prof. H. H. Sheldon and Dr. Nicholas Rashevsky, of New York University, to conduct a careful repetition of the Miethe experiment in an American laboratory. Its object, announced in the *Scientific American*, is not merely to prove or disprove the power of science to make gold. "It is to discover what it will cost to make gold." For, "although it costs Dr. Miethe thousands of times as much to make his gold from quicksilver as it would to go and buy some gold in the nearest jewelry store, it is to be remembered that most things cost a great deal when they are first discovered. The original electric lamp cost, it is reported, more than a thousand dollars. Now a better one can be bought for thirty cents."

A Million Words in a Square Inch

An Instrument That Performs Wonders in Microscopic Engraving

AN invention tested by the United States Bureau of Standards has been perfected that will engrave letters so small that in the space of one square inch the inventor, Alfred McEwen, claims he could write eighty complete copies of the Bible. To the Bureau the inventor sent a sample of his work, upon which the following report has been issued: "Identification No. 241. The total area covered by the writing of the Lord's Prayer (fifty-six words) on the above described slide has been measured and found to be 0.0016 inch wide by 0.0008 inch high. Test number T. W. L. 34,374."

These dimensions multiplied give a total area of 128 hundred millionths of a square inch, or the 781,250th part of a space one inch wide by one inch deep. That is equal to the 78th part of a 10,000th part of a square inch, so that

seventy-eight prayers, 4,368 words, could be accommodated where the two letters "I" on the page might be made to cross each other at right angles. What chance would the most inquisitive enemy secret service agent have of discovering a message so minutely engraved?

The inventor, according to the *New York World*, intends his efforts to perfect the process of microscopic engraving to be applied particularly to the transmission of secret documents or messages during wartime. A suspected messenger could carry written communications of unlimited length engraved on the surface of a button, or hidden in a tiny corner of his eyeglasses—perhaps covered by the attachment of the nosepiece. It would be literally impossible for the keenest enemy officer, unless he were an expert

micrographist and knew exactly where to look, to find a trace of the message that was passing right under his nose. Imagine a metal button composed of two parts soldered together. On the inside of one of those parts a message longer than the complete works of Shakespeare could be engraved. Or a messenger could carry the complete

financial records of some secret transaction on a space smaller than the eye of a needle. Another use suggested by the inventor is the making of permanent records on some such material as the new rustless steel. These records would occupy such a small compass that whole volumes of valuable data could be kept in a small safe deposit box.

Duralumin, the New Wonder Metal

But for It, Trans-Atlantic Flying Would Not Be Possible

IN duralumin, the new metal invented especially for aircraft, lies the secret of the far-flying exploits of the ZR-3, or *Los Angeles*, and the *Shenandoah*. Trans-Atlantic flying, for instance, would be impossible without duralumin which, answering the airship requirements of strength and lightness for its ribs and hull, is stronger than wood and much lighter than steel, in fact, is about one-third the weight of the latter. One can lift with two fingers a girder of it that will support six men.

In *Popular Science Monthly*, Lieut.-Commander Fitzhugh Green describes duralumin as being an alloy of copper, manganese and magnesium, with about 94 per cent. of aluminum, and as having 17 per cent. greater "strength-weight" efficiency than a good alloy steel and nearly three times better than mild steel or half hard aluminum. It was first made by Alfred Wilm in Germany in the development of Zepelins, but is now being made in England and America. The power at Muscle Shoals is now being sought by a large corporation to manufacture this metal for railroad uses.

Expressing the opinion that "duralumin is the most

important single factor in bringing about the triumph of commercial airships," Lieut.-Commander Green asserts that helium would not mark such great progress over hydrogen were not its frail goldbeater's skin containers housed in a structure almost incalculably staunch. Both the ruggedness and the stanchness were wanting before the day of duralumin. Further:

"Another unexcelled safety feature that



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INSIDE AN AIRSHIP SUCH AS THE *LOS ANGELES*
The real miracle of the ZR-3 is its vast skeleton of duralumin. Every single element of the framework supports not only its own local weight, but contributes directly or indirectly to every other element in the entire ship. This photograph shows the fuel tanks in position.

distinguishes the air cruiser that has the light duralumin framework is that she is virtually *unsinkable*. She has 20—she may have 50—small balloons inside her metal hull. Each of these balloons is filled with gas and is independent of all the others. Each constitutes a lifting unit. Each can form an *aerial raft* in case of shipwreck. Each can be controlled by valving so that survivors clinging to it can drift landward safely. Each is individ-

ually inspected, tested, filled, and lashed in place before the journey.

"Secretly all of us would like to fly, but most of us fear the dreadful roaring of the airplane's motor; the dizzy, swooping speed; the possible plunge to death in case of accident. That fear need come no more. Through the agency of the wonder-metal, duralumin, the aerial liner of the near future will be safer than are our floating palaces of the sea."

Splitting Seconds Into a Billion Parts

Massachusetts Physicists Measure the Smallest of Intervals

PROFESSOR PAUL HEYMANS and his laboratory assistant, Nathaniel H. Frank, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, have succeeded in measuring intervals of time down to one billionth of a second and are confident of being able presently to split a second into a hundred billion parts. In accomplishing this extraordinary feat, the two physicists employed a modification of a method devised by Dr. P. O. Pederson, of the University of Copenhagen, involving what are known as Lichtenberg Figures which manifest themselves when an electric wave is reflected from an electrode. If two electrodes are placed side by side at a proper angle and distance, the Lichtenberg Figures meet, and the position of the meeting line is dependent upon the time which has elapsed between the reaching of the electric waves at the electrodes. The rate of propagation of these Figures is so extremely large as to make possible the detection of time in the minute intervals stated. As to the practical worth of this laboratory achievement, the *Boston Transcript* states:

"It opens a vast field of application for the determination of many physical con-

stants with a precision hitherto absolutely unparalleled. For example: the acceleration of gravity has always been considered as absolutely the same for all materials. If, when two bodies of different materials are dropped, they do not hit the earth at exactly the same instant, a difference of



Courtesy of the *Boston Transcript*

SCIENTISTS TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK
Drs. Paul Heymans and N. H. Frank at work
"splitting up seconds" in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology laboratory.

time incredibly small can be measured with this apparatus. If it should appear that this force of gravity varies from substance to substance it will throw a tremendous light upon the condition existing inside the earth, and might prove of great consequence in studies of possible earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

"Another application might be to see how the velocity of propagation of electricity varies with the medium through which it passes. Such studies would be extremely important in analysis of an X-ray tube design where the velocity must be introduced to correctly design a tube. Furthermore, studies may be made of the actual mechanism of conduction of electricity through solutions, a problem which needs further investigation, and which might prove of immense importance in the electro-chemical and electro-plating industries. Countless other applications may be possible and the eventual effect upon industrial science will no doubt be enormous, Professor Heymans declares."

If, it is further stated, a person had



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A POSITIVE LICHTENBERG FIGURE
Showing what is described as "the arrangement by which Prof. Heymans is able to measure billionths of a second."

a watch that registered billionths of a second, he would be able to detect phenomena entirely beyond ordinary human powers of detection; such as the difference in time it would take for two bodies of the same shape but of different matter to fall even in a rarefied atmosphere. He might find that a ray of light reaches him at a different time than an electric wave simultaneously propagated along a conductor. He also might find that if he listened

to a radio broadcasting station at the same time through a radio receiver and a telephone connected by wire to that broadcasting station, there would be a small lapse of time between what he hears over the telephone and in his radio receiver. These are among a number of rather unusual phenomena which could be observed and which have not been detected so far on account of the crudeness of the devices by which time is now measured.

Science Succeeds in Transplanting Eyes

Organ of Sight Functions Normally After Being Cut Out

HOW eyes of rats, cut out of their sockets and then replanted, recover a considerable degree of their normal structure and function is explained by Dr. Theodore Koppanyi, of Budapest, working with Prof. A. J. Carlson in the physiological laboratories of the University of Chicago. They report, in *Science Service*, that two results have been accomplished of signifi-

cance for the future practice of surgery.

In the first place, we read, in two of the cases they had under experiment new nervous tissue grew from the cut end of the optic nerve in the eye socket, penetrated the eyeball and established good anatomical connections, closely resembling the structures to be found in normal eyes. In the second place, when these rats were tested, the trans-

planted eyes reacted normally to light. In other words, reports Dr. Koppanyi, in *Science Service*, the eyes would move and the pupils contract when light was thrown upon them. Blind eyes, with the optic nerve severed or destroyed by disease, do not react in this way.

Dr. Koppanyi observes that normal rats go away from strong light, while blind rats do not react to light at all. Blind rats placed in a box with a partition, making one side dark, were unable to discriminate between the light and the dark chambers. They walked around in either compartment indifferently. Normal rats remained less than a quarter of a minute in the light before passing through to the dark compartment. Three rats with transplanted eyes behaved in this test like normal rats.

Rats were also tested by placing them on a platform at an elevation of about a foot above the laboratory table. Blind rats do not jump, but in these tests they sometimes crawled down from the platform clinging to the iron rod on which the platform rested, probably guided by the sense of touch. Normal rats and the three spotted rats with transplanted eyes jumped down from the platform. When the platform was raised to a greater height the rats with transplanted eyes showed some hesitation about jumping, as though they could see the height and appreciate the risk.

Having succeeded in these preliminary experiments, Dr. Koppanyi is beginning work on animals with larger eyeballs, using dogs at first, and plans to work on monkeys later on.

A New Gooseberry Is Discovered

Big As a Plum and Grows Wild in Florida

THE elevation of the humble gooseberry from its present position as a minor fruit, good only for pies and preserves, to the dignity of a table fruit on a par with cherries, plums and grapes, is one of the possible results from the discovery of a new species in the woods of northern Florida, a region where gooseberries have never before been known.

Dr. Frederick V. Coville, a botanist in the Federal Bureau of Plant Industry, at Washington, who is credited with giving the new species of gooseberry to science, describes it, in *Science Service*, as probably the biggest wild gooseberry ever discovered, the fruits reaching seven-eighths of an inch in diameter. A hybrid with the large-fruited European varieties need not lose size. We read:

"Native to Florida, far south of the present centers of gooseberry culture, this super-gooseberry is also and fortunately far south of the white pine region. Therefore it can be cultivated without regard to the white pine blister rust, and there will

be the added advantage of having berries ready for market much earlier than at present. It seems to be quite immune to the mildew disease to which the European varieties are susceptible.

"In its present wild state the fruit has one notable drawback. Each berry is covered with so many long, sharp spines that it suggests a little porcupine. It is hoped that these can be eliminated in the breeding experiments now under way at the Department of Agriculture."

Credit for the discovery of this promising berry is divided between Professor Herman Kurz, of the Florida State College for Women, and Dr. Roland M. Harper, of the Florida State Geological Survey. They came upon it in the woods along the shore of a little lake near Tallahassee in the course of a Sunday botanizing trip. They notified Dr. Coville, as the recognized expert in this part of the botanical field, and after several trips to the region to obtain specimens, seeds and bushes for transplanting, he announces the find to the scientific public.



VOICES OF LIVING POETS

IS this the day of the woman poet? So thinks Genevieve Taggard, brilliant young lyricist, who eloquently champions feminine superiority, in the *American Review*. Substantiating her theory that the poetical classics of the future will be largely the handiwork of the gentler sex, Miss Taggard points to such able contemporaries as Winifred Welles, Bernice Kenyon, Hildegard Flanner, Elinor Wylie, Edna Millay, Louise Bogan and Babette Deutsch, all of whom have added luster to the literary record of the period. Modesty deters Miss Taggard from including herself in this category, but it is safe to predict that her name will not be forgotten when posterity calls the rôle.

The insurgent generation of poets she regards as obviously "a woman's affair." Gruff, careless, declarative free verse is the sort of poetry which we think of as peculiarly masculine. An ingenious and slyly whimsical explanation for this is advanced by the writer, who maintains that because men in this country must usually earn a living for themselves and several others, and because in business efficiency must always be served, they take up poetry in the spirit of the amateur, much as the socially minded acquire Mah-Jongg or bridge. Continuing her thesis, Miss Taggard, speaking, perhaps, more as a wife and mother than as the artist (in private life she is Mrs. Robert L. Wolf), reminds us that "the writing of even an intense brief sonnet often brings about an entire indifference to jobs, including the loss of them; and with the instinct to protect their dependents, men have known this and avoided the pitfalls of unleashed creative indulgence." Further:

"Personal intensity, poems written in the first person singular, are forbidden to men, or, in the cases where the taboo is broken, a blurred and softened, almost shame-faced pianissimo is evident. In this country, men are supposed to care for politics, newspaper stories, biographies of retired statesmen, books of travel and the open spaces in terms of their unemotional aspects.

"The poet Edwin Arlington Robinson is an example of an artist who grew up in an age that forbade even more severely the recording of the soul's events. . . . Carl Sandburg, under cover of enormous glorifications of his Chicago and the prairies and the steel mills, has given us a few most tender, exquisite croonings such as *Handfuls*, *Bringers*, and *Loam*. . . . Men are mistakenly supposed to be less fragile than women. In America quite the reverse is often true. Vitality marks the women, and an almost fatal delicacy, a Hamlet-like neurosis is the outstanding characteristic of contemporary men poets.

Whatever destructive effect the simple necessity of earning their daily bread may have upon our men poets, Daniel Henderson, in his latest volume of verse, "A Harp in the Winds" (Appleton), shows us with uncompromising realism how tragic the loss of a job may be to the average citizen.

THE BUSINESS CHANGES HANDS

BY DANIEL HENDERSON

THE business changes hands; accountants come

To scrutinize the books and search the files.

Disturbing rumors through the office hum;
Mysterious, keen-eyed men stroll down the aisles.

Department heads, whose places are in doubt,

Pursue their duties with unworried faces,

As if to say that if they are let out
They know where they can go to better
places.

But Billingslea, a plodding under-clerk,
Wonders if he is slated for discharge,
And pales before the spectre Out of Work.
And tries to make his occupation large.

Night falls; desks close; his comrades
homeward fare;
He stays and toils in bribery to fate,
Hoping approving glances come from
where
His god writes down: "Your pay will
terminate—"

Much different in tone is this second
poem—a bit of self-searching which has
wide implications:

THE MAN IN ME

BY DANIEL HENDERSON

DIMLY my surface self has known
That it is but the frame and mask
For one who on an inner throne
Compels my body to his task;
For one who takes for lordly dress
The trappings of my consciousness,
And—all impalpable—has bent
My spirit to his government!

Forever I have sought to touch
This monarch castled from my clutch;
This sovereign who derives his power
From kings within a deeper tower:
I probe the dungeons of my moods,
But ever, ever he eludes
Retreating through some misty gate
My strength may never penetrate—
The master mocks his questioning tool!
The emperor will not greet his fool!

In some unfathomable hall—
A wraith within this fleshly wall—
He holds dominion; takes control
Of my insurgent thew and soul,
Thwarting my day-planned, rebel leap
By judgments in the courts of sleep,
Mighty to mold me to his scheme
By the frail sceptre of a dream!

Among the various professional re-
porters of our national sports, probably
no one is better known or more versa-
tile than Grantland Rice, poet, moving-
picture producer and journalist, whose
"Spotlight" column, in the N. Y. *Her-
ald-Tribune*, is a daily index to our

popular pastimes. The Century Com-
pany has just brought out a collection
of Mr. Rice's casual verses, "Songs of
the Open," from which we take the fol-
lowing stanzas, proving that one touch
of baseball makes the whole world kin:

HEROES

BY GRANTLAND RICE

SHE spoke of Alexander as an eminent
commander,
And showed 'em how this muck-a-muck
was always on the job;
But freckled Micky Horner, blinking over
in the corner,
Dreamed of Cobb.
She praised the late J. Caesar as a keen,
artistic geezer,
Whose work in war and art and peace was
still a lasting truth;
But little Tim O'Grady, though his eyes
were on the lady,
Thought of Ruth.
She lauded Mr. Hannibal, the Carthagi-
nian cannibal,
But when she asked young Heinie Schmidt
who made the Romans dance,
With his brain wheels on the whirl, Heinie,
looking up at her,
Answered "Chance."
She spoke of Greek and Roman and of
horsemen and of bowmen,
Of phalanxes and legions in the mediæval
game;
Of Goths and Huns and Vandals and such
other early scandals
Known to fame.
But young Timothy O'Toole, as he cantered
home from school,
Lost but little time forgetting what he
termed a bunch of dubs,
As he doped the playing science of the
Reds and Yanks and Giants
And the Cubs.

Suggestive of a somber tapestry,
through which runs the dark thread of
Hamlet's soliloquy, is this sinisterly
beautiful poem from the *Measure*. With
rare skill and a perfect synchronization
of the interwoven themes, George
O'Neill has succeeded in tracing against
the purple background of Shakespeare's
mighty challenge to oblivion a lesser
tragedy, which, by force of contrast,
evokes an almost intolerable pity. We
vote this one of the best poems of the
season:

COMPOSITION

BY GEORGE O'NEILL

"TO sleep: perchance to dream . . ." He
turned his head
And saw day's flare behind the heavy
tower.
"Ay there's the rub; for in that sleep"—
he said,
And stared into the river for an hour.

"The pangs of disprized love . . ." He
frowned and shifted.
Fog crept upon the unawakened town;
Out of the muddy flow a dark swan drifted
And far along the shore vague bells came
down.

"The undiscovered country . . ." There
he turned
And heard a woman weeping in the street,
And saw a window where a candle burned
And caught the echo of departing feet.

"Thus conscience does make cowards . . ."
Morning drew
Pale silver to the marsh through willow
stems.
He scraped the edges of a muddy shoe
And spat into the Thames.

Without necessarily subscribing to
the sentiments expressed in the follow-
ing lines from the *New Republic*, we
can at least credit Mr. Untermeyer with
having phrased his prophecy with in-
gratiating charm:

JEWISH LULLABY

BY LOUIS UNTERMAYER

HUSHA, o husha,
And lull-lullaby;
No mother in Russia
Is prouder than I.
You stumble no longer,
Soon you will run;
And you will grow stronger
Than Samson, my son.

You will be famous,
Your thoughts will go wide;
Isaiah and Amos
Will walk at your side.
Your words will be graven
In metal and stone;
And the Great Ones in heaven
Will envy my son.

As a companion piece to the fore-
going Semitic cradle song, this poem,
from the London *Adelphi*, gives an
Englishman's interpretation of the
problem of racial supremacy. Mr. De
La Mare has been in America, lecturing
and reading from his books:

AN EPITAPH

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

HOOKE-NOSED was I; loose-lipped;
greed fixed its gaze
In my young eyes ere they knew brass
from gold.
Doomed to the blazing market-place my
days—
A sweating chafferer of the bought and
sold.
Frowned on and spat at, flattered and de-
cried,
One only thing man asked of me—my
price.
I lived, detested; and deserted, died;
Scorned by the virtuous, and the jest of
vice.
And now behold, you Christians, my true
worth;
Step close: I have inherited the Earth.

Even as good wine (with an eye to
Mr. Volstead) needs no bush, so this
little rhyme, from *Contemporary Verse*,
needs no editorial recommendation:

A SURREY SONG

BY MAY FOLWELL HOISINGTON

I WAS a man of Mitchen,
And she from Croydon fared
To serve in Parson's kitchen
With rosy arms half-bared.

She minced and rolled beef pasty,
She baked a mutton-pie;
And I was ever hasty,
I kissed her on the sly.

For it's

Sutton for mutton,
Carshalton for beef,
Croydon for a pretty girl,
And Mitchen for a thief.

My ears were soon burned scarlet
What way she cuffed me then;
With, "Shame! you thieving varlet—
You'm like all Mitchen men."

To prove I was not stealing,
And took her words amiss,
And show her honest dealing—
I gave her back her kiss.

For it's

Sutton for mutton,
Carshalton for beef,
Croydon for a pretty girl,
And Mitchen for a thief.

Besides being the mother of Hilda Conkling, the child prodigy whose poems were, a few years ago, a literary sensation, Grace Hazard Conkling is a poet in her own right, as her volume, "Ship's Log" (Knopf), again admirably demonstrates. Here are two samples from her pen:

CRETONNE TROPICS

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THE cretonne in your willow chair
Shows, through a zone of rosy air,
A tree of parrots agate-eyed,
With blue-green crests and plumes of pride
And beaks most formidably curved.
I hear the river silver-nerved
To their shrill protest make reply,
And the palm forest stir and sigh.

Curious, the spell that colors cast,
Binding the fancy cobweb-fast,
And you would smile if you could know
I like your cretonne parrots so!
But I have seen them sail toward night
Superbly homeward, the last night
Lifting them like a purple sea
Scorned and made use of arrogantly:
And I have heard them cry aloud
From out a tall palm's emerald cloud:
And I brought home a brilliant feather,
Lost like a flake of sunset weather.

Here in the north the sea is white
And mother-of-pearl in morning light,
Quite lovely: but there is a glare
That daunts me. Now the willow chair
Suggests a more perplexing sea,
Till my heart aches with memory,
And parrots dye the air around:
And I forget the pallid sound.

FIRST CROCUS

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

I THINK you came to find the sun
Softly through a violet door,
Wondering, once the thing was done,
No one had thought of it before!

Coming so soon after the publication of her previous book, "Many Wings," one is hardly prepared for such a wealth of good poetry as one finds in Isabel Fiske Conant's latest volume, "Frontiers" (The Mosher Press). Typographically exquisite, the book appeals to the mind no less than to the eye. A much wider and more human panorama is presented in this collection of sonnets and lyrics; there is a veiled strength and a gentle surety to be sensed between the lines, especially in such verses as:

OLD ELLEN

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

IF haloed Christ still walked to-day
And made new saints again,
I'd have for mine, in bright array,
Old Ellen, down the lane. . .

Low is her rose-clad cottage-thatch,
And He, I think, was tall,
But when His touch is on the latch,
How spacious is her hall!

Through her transfigured garden-land,
I well believe he goes,
In one pierced hand her wrinkled hand,
And in one hand, a rose.

Tiny and trembling by His side,
Her eyes with splendor dim,
The lover of the Crucified,
She lifts her face to Him.

Old Ellen's stained with earthly weather;
And He, with heavenly light,
But finding those old friends together
My heart leaped at the sight!

QUIET PRAYER

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

HE who follows many gods
Must go without rest
Like the many tossing waves
Of the sea-crest.

He who loves one god,
Stays ever still
As the arrested wave
Of a distant hill.

One God, Only God,
Lift my dream high,
Set its blue mountain
Against far sky.

Red Letter Days in Wall Street

Why and How the Bears Have Been Stampeded—Temporarily

EVEN the canniest Wall Street operators were amazed at the gigantic flood of stock market business set going by the election of President Coolidge on November 4. "The greatest post-election boom on record," is the way the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* characterizes it, and the *New York Times* concurs that the Stock Exchange has experienced "the most extraordinary series of market days in its history." In some respects the hectic panic weeks of May, 1901, the high water mark in Wall Street history, have been surpassed.

On the day after election, the stock market began to simmer, but not till Friday, November 7, did it reach the boiling point. A turnover of a million shares of stock a day constitutes an active market, but on that day the sales jumped above two million, and since then have repeatedly reached that level. For weeks they seldom fell below 1,500,000. The most active buying has been in railroad securities, but the fever has spread to industrials, to commodities and to sterling exchange. The total value of Stock Exchange securities is figured to have risen \$3,000,000, and railroad stocks have attained the highest level in eight years.

Most significant has been the public participation in the market transactions. In ordinary times, as during the past summer when Wall Street was working along with humdrum tread, about four-fifths of its business is carried on for professional operators exclusively. The post-election boom, however, has been maintained by the enormous number of out-of-town buyers. Telegraph orders trebled in a single week, and financial writers assert that the professional's share in the business has been not more than fifty per cent. Actual shipment of securities, reported by the American Express Company,

have jumped to new high levels, showing that the boom was sustained, not by margin speculators, but by a nationwide investing public.

As to the reasons, the Coolidge-Dawes election served apparently as a trigger release for a combination of optimistic forces that had been accumulating quietly over many months. The crushing defeat of radicalism both in England and the United States had given assurance of a stable economic prospect for several years at least. The railroads in particular seemed certain to be left free from tampering political intervention. A world-wide grain shortage foreshadowed unprecedented prosperity in rural regions, which in turn meant an excellent buying market among farmers. The New England textile mills, after a slump of months, had given signs of renewed activity; and industry in general, which had been living from hand to mouth, had accumulated enough reserve energy to be ready to plunge ahead. Money was cheap and credit everywhere sound. Further tax reduction was felt to be in the offing. Abroad, the Dawes Report promised to bring Europe back as a market; and as a result of recent foreign loans floated here, the Europeans seemed provided with enough dollar credits to overcome adverse exchange quotations.

An old Wall Street adage declares that when a rising market becomes sensational enough to break into the front pages of the newspapers, the canny investor knows it is time to sell, for a crash is impending. Most of the profits in the present boom have gone to operators who were purchasing quietly during the months before election day, and who took advantage of the public demand to unload. The public has chosen to buy in an expensive market, and many think has been riding for a fall.

Clerks in Control of a Great Bank

The \$350,000,000 Bank of Italy Sets a Precedent in California

MANY progressive industrial leaders have toyed with the possibilities of employee management, but their daring is as nothing compared to the revolutionary step taken recently by A. P. Giannini, founder and head of the Bank of Italy in California. Sweeping aside all the hide-bound prejudices of the strait-laced banking world, this San Francisco financier has provided that the control of his institution should pass gradually into the hands of his 2,200 employees, and that the office of president should be filled according to a system of rotation. Thus a successful capitalist expresses faith in a form of business organization akin in theory to soviet rule.

What lends significance to Giannini's action is the importance of the institution of which he is the head. The Bank of Italy, a California corporation, is one of the six largest banks in the United States, and is the largest outside of New York and Chicago. It has 500,000 depositors, and its resources are said to exceed \$350,000,000. It owns 86 branch offices in 58 cities.

Mr. Giannini explains his objects in the *American Bankers Association Journal*:

"There has never been any adjustment in the business world that provides suitable recognition for the loyalty and perseverance of the great army of indoor, or office, employees. The only thing that can do this, I believe, is some sort of economic partnership. It seemed to me that if we wanted to keep our organization intact and build it up from year to year, we must do something to merit this degree of permanency from the members of the staff.

"Moreover, I felt that the people who have been responsible for the success of our institution—who have helped to build it up and give it its character—should benefit by their efforts."

In accordance with these ideas a committee worked out a plan to transfer



AN INNOVATOR IN BANKING
A. P. Giannini, founder and head of the Bank of Italy, retires so that his employees may have control.

control of the institution to the employees, at the same time safeguarding against any abrupt dislocation. The plan, which has been adopted, provides that semi-annually the bank will lay aside 40 per cent. of its net profits as its contribution to a stock purchase fund. Every employee will also have to contribute to this fund a certain percentage of his salary. The amount that one individual may contribute has been fixed at a minimum of three per cent. of his salary, or, in the case of those who have been sharing in the bank's bonus system in the past, the amount of their bonus. The maximum contribu-

tion is limited to 10 per cent., plus an additional one per cent. for each year's service, but in no event exceeding 30 per cent. The limitation is aimed to prevent the growth of clique control.

The provision for choosing the bank's

president is still nebulous. Mr. Gianini has ceded his place to a younger man, and in time it is hoped that the stock-owning employees will elect their president for a term of four or five years on the basis of merit.

Safeguarding Federal Market Reports

What Happens at a Session of the Crop-Reporting Board

EXTRAORDINARY precautions are taken by the Federal Government to protect its crop reports from untimely disclosure. A "leak" would dislocate the crop market, enabling a few fortunate speculators to rake in fortunes on their inside information. Recently a reporter of *The Wall Street Journal* was permitted to sit in at a session of the Crop-Reporting Board of the Department of Agriculture when they were estimating the cotton returns. From 6 o'clock to 11 in the morning, seven experts were shut in a locked building, with guards stationed at the doors and in the halls. All telephones and buzzers were disconnected, the glazed windows were closed, and shades drawn down and sealed so that no one could communicate with anyone outside the building.

A few minutes before eleven, copies of the report which had been drawn up were carried to the room where it was to be given to the press. No one was allowed to carry a scrap of paper out of the room except the official who bore the copies. The guard unlocked the door in the hall leading to the next floor where the report was to be issued, and where members of the press associations had already gathered. Arranged along the walls of this room there are sufficient telephones for each member of the press association. About four or five feet from a wall a straight chalk mark had been drawn, and the press representatives stood toeing the line. A member of the Crop Board placed one copy of the report face downward on the stand by each telephone, and then exactly at 11 o'clock the signal was

given to "go." The press representatives sprang to their telephones, turned up the sheets, and the next minute the cotton condition report was being flashed over the wires.

This all-morning conference is only the culminating chapter in the elaborate ritual of drawing up an official crop estimate. The Crop Reporting Board merely dovetails information that has been pouring into the Department of Agriculture for several days. Says *The Wall Street Journal*:

"Up to the time of sitting down to their work at 6 a. m., no member of the Board has any inkling of what the condition will be. The information and data on which the board is to make its report has been gathered by some thousands of reporters of different classes throughout the cotton belt in answer to questionnaires sent out to them. Five classes of reporters send returns to Washington: 700 county reporters, each with a county organization under him; 7,000 township reporters; 5,000 special reporters, made up of bankers, farmers and cotton factors; about 12,000 farmers who state the condition of their own farms; and 16,000 ginneries, each reporting for the territory served by him.

"When the individual reports come into the Department a day or two before the date for the publication of the national report, a trained force of clerks sort the returns by States and counties, summarize, and tabulate the data. The sheets on which they work are all cut into parts and the sections so distributed that no one clerk will have the complete data for any one State, and no one of them knows what State he is working on. On each sheet is a reference key by which one man in the Department can assemble the completed data into the States to which it belongs."

France and Germany in Partnership

Rival Nations Decide to Pool Their Steel and Iron Industries

THAT France and Germany are moving toward a close economic alliance is indicated by a number of events in the last few months, and in the judgment of many critics this alliance holds more hope for the peace of Europe than all the grandiose aspirations of the League of Nations. A special dispatch in the *New York World* announces that representatives of the steel industry in Germany and France have agreed on the terms of an international combine. The Germans are to contribute Ruhr coke to the Lorraine iron smelters, and the half-finished product of the smelters is then to be handed over to German industries to be made into finished products. In the negotiations Humbert de Wendels represented the Comité des Forges, the French ironmasters' association, and August Thyssen and Albert Voegler spoke for the Germans.

To become effective this agreement waits for the French and German governments to conclude the commercial treaty which has been under discussion for some time. A Franco-German steel trust would constitute such a powerful economic unit that British iron interests regard it with frank uneasiness; and Stanley Baldwin, himself a metal magnate, is expected to have something to say before its terms are finally settled.

The recent amnesty accorded to Joseph Caillaux, always an ardent advocate of close relations with Germany, is another sign of the new orientation taken by Continental politics. That the man charged with treason five years ago is now returning to public life shows how far war-time passions have been modified under the influence of economic forces.

The French appreciate the profound importance of an economic agreement with their former enemies. In *L'Europe Nouvelle* a high French diplomat has

attracted widespread attention by an article in which he declared:

"French and German industries must come to an understanding. Not only in order to complete each other by exchanges of products—France receiving in coke the equivalent of what she would supply in ore and in half-manufactured material—but in order to regulate their competition in the foreign markets. Otherwise it would be a merciless conflict; the stronger industry would kill the weaker. We know how these economic conflicts end—in iron and blood."

The *London Times* observes that France has failed to extract coke from the Ruhr by force; that she has abandoned hope of a treaty with Britain assuring her security; that the visionary possibilities of the League of Nations are hardly satisfying; and that therefore nothing is left but to come to terms with the Germans. This organ does not note any menace to Great Britain necessarily involved in such an agreement.

The *New York Journal of Commerce* finds in the Franco-German rapprochement merely one sign of many that the political barriers splitting Europe into water-tight compartments are giving way to economic confederations:

"The economically dependent States of Europe have learned what it means to be cut off from former domestic markets by the tariff barriers of newly-created nations or of nations that have absorbed part of their former territories. Consumers of raw materials have discovered the handicaps to production inherent in import restrictions and high import duties.

"Germany is either negotiating or about to negotiate new trade treaties with France, England, Belgium, Switzerland, Russia and Poland. Other Central European countries have also been concluding trade treaties all around with their neighbors. In the Baltic regions, Latvia, Lithuania and Esthonia, once Russian provinces, are considering some form of unified customs policy. It is said that in

the Succession States, too, which constituted the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy, sentiment is growing stronger for a form of customs union that will supersede individual trade treaties. . . .

"Political barriers are less insuperable than a few years ago, and their disadvantages can be to a great extent overcome by the very type of international agreements that are in prospect."

Mixing Government and Business

Uncle Sam Is Loath to Profit by the Experience of John Bull

WHEREAS the American people entrust their Government to agents—a majority of them lawyers—in the guise of professional politicians, in Great Britain the key positions for a century have been held by merchants and manufacturers. Sir Robert Peel was a cotton manufacturer and calico-printer. The Gladstones were Liverpool merchants. The Goschens were financiers. The Chamberlains made hardware. Campbell-Bannerman derived his wealth from the dry-goods business. Bonar Law was trained as a shipowner; Lord Cromer, the maker of modern Egypt, was a Baring of banking fame; and Sir Eric Geddes, who ran the British navy during the War, gained experience by managing railways. Soap has given to Britain Lord Leverhulme, and Welsh coal produced Lord Rhondda. Stanley Baldwin and his friend, Sir Robert Horne, are iron magnates.

Commenting on the failure of this country to strengthen its Government by pressing its ablest business men into public service, P. W. Wilson, an ex-member of Parliament, observes, in the *Nation's Business*, that "if men like Edison, Ford, Rockefeller, Schwab, Morgan and a dozen others were British subjects, every one of them would have a seat in one or the other house of Parliament. Their sons also would have been expected to fulfill public duties as legislators, mayors of cities, or magistrates. Commerce and statesmanship are thus regarded in Britain not as rivals but as allies. Many sons of commercial families are released by their private means from actual business, and

so bring into politics the inherited ability and outlook of the commercial mind. These men may rank as gentlemen, even as lords, but they are in touch with trade; they know what is meant by industrial vicissitudes; and they could undertake a commercial career."

The rise of the Labor Party has simply meant that Parliament to-day includes employees as well as employers. In the last Parliament there were a policeman, clerks, shipstokers, a navy, a pilot, a master saddler, and a shoemaker. Their presence awakens no comment, but in the United States the presence in Congress of a horny-handed son of toil (as in the case of Magnus Johnson) is so exceptional as to arouse national interest. Mr. Wilson thus states the advantages of the British system:

"The result is that no question affecting trade can arise on which the voice of the traders affected by it is not heard. And this, after all, is an immense advantage to the nation. In the event, let us say, of a coal strike, it is an immense advantage for Parliament to be able to proceed to a policy of conciliation without having to summon witnesses before some committee which has never seen a coal mine. The House of Commons will always listen even to a bad speaker when he is talking about what he knows; and such a member, though obscure, usually 'catches the eye' of the Speaker and receives recognition. He is expected to be informative, rather than rhetorical.

"Britain thus mistrusts the merely theoretical politician. She does not like to act unless she has the facts stated by men who have to deal daily with the facts."



The Colyumists' Colyums

WHERE are the parlor pastimes of yesteryear—the polite agilities of Ping Pong, the arm-acrobatics of Diavolo? Already Mah Jongg is beginning its retreat toward that limbo of forgotten fads. But there is always a new game of skill or chance waiting around the corner to jump into popular favor. Just now we are on the crest of the cross-word puzzle wave, a pursuit which has invaded subways, kitchens, those precincts sacred to the “ladies of the ensemble,” and even the dignified Department of Justice. Publishers of dictionaries report a rushing business, and fortunes have been amassed by the obscure inventors who supply the newspapers with their daily quota of checker-board teasers.

For many moons F. P. A., who peers from “The Conning Tower” of the N. Y. *World* and helps the laughs along, has been a confirmed supporter of this latest “lively art.” So it is not odd that he should be reporting his verbal victories and vicissitudes in his daily confidences. Proving how serious his devotion has become, F. P. A. remarks:

It's getting to the point where it's almost as hard to kid the cross-word puzzles as it is to make up a puzzle or to solve one.

Adding that

Back from a trip to the Grand Canyon is Charlotte, who brings the news beat that the chasm is hardly visible now, owing to the millions of filled-out Cross-Word Puzzle Books.

Chicago, too, has been caught in the tide. Keith Preston, in his “Hit or Miss” column, thus celebrates the burning issue:

IN CROSS WORD PUZZLE LAND

Eons and eras in this clime
Of endless leisure measure time;
Distance is reckoned by the ell
Across and up and down as well;
Amid the fauna roaming round
Emus and elands most abound;
The flora too is weird and cryptic—
Wild upas trees and eucalyptic;
The best known river here is Po,
Monosyllable in its flow.
The god most reverend is Ra,
The parent chiefly honored, pa;
Wa is the language mostly spoken
(Indo-Chinese but badly broken).
The natives, notable go-getters,
Engage in hunting missing letters;
So every man you meet there carries
Two, three, or four great dictionaries,
Bowed 'neath which fearful weight he
gropes
Groaning, but still buoyed up by hopes—
The lexicon true puzzlers hail
Contains all other words but fail!

Another item of news which has tickled the pens of the newspaper humorists is Otto Kahn's formula for success. F. P. A. comments in this wise:

According to Mr. Otto Kahn's ten points for success in business—and they are the best and sincerest we ever heard of a successful man enumerate—he got his first promotion as a postage stamp lick. He used to be known in the office, we hear on rotten authority, as a lad who could lick his weight in postage stamps.

From Keith Preston comes the following aside:

Otto Kahn got his start in life by licking stamps and doing it thorough, he tells the Harvard Business club. This should be a lesson to young men who give their jobs the conventional lick and a promise.



WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND
—Briggs in San Francisco Chronicle.

And finally we hear H. I. Phillips, dispenser of wit for the *N. Y. Sun*, chiming in with:

Mr. Otto H. Kahn says he won his first promotion as a lad through his rapidity in licking postage stamps. The firm sent out thousands of letters a week, it seems, and Master Kahn had the firm's business on the tip of his tongue.

At last we have Don Marquis back in our midst—or have we? People who liked Marquis, the casual paragraphist, better than Marquis, the playwright, were rejoicing over his reappearance in character, only to find, one morning recently, that his name was missing from its accustomed place. What has happened? If anybody takes this truancy sufficiently to heart, why not hunt down the culprit and spoil his suspected holiday with a call to arms? The other Sunday Mr. Marquis told an interviewer for the *Brooklyn Eagle* how and where he received his friends and enemies.

The only place in the city where I can grant an interview is on the street corner near the Tribune Building. Any time any one wants to interview me I'll be glad to meet them there. We can lean against the lamp post in perfect comfort.

At least, we have these few bits of "lamp-post philosophy" to fill in the

dreary gap until the errant Don resumes his regular schedule:

The born reformer never seems able to enjoy his own morality unless he is exerting it in some way that makes other persons uncomfortable.

A philosophy of life is something you are always planning to live by, and if you write a book you make the hero live by it, poor wretch!

There is so much worrying that has to be done in the world, and the pessimist is the conscientious person who does his honest share of it.

One of the most diverting pieces of buffoonery to catch our glance lately is this essay on winter raiment from that clever jester, H. I. Phillips, who goes on casting an agreeable shadow on "*The Sun Dial*":

THE SKINS SHE LOVES TO TOUCH

One of the early winter problems of the Great American Provider is whether to wrap the wife in Mink, Monk, Mouse or Muslin for the chilly season. The values placed on furs are largely fictitious. An army blanket properly tailored might look just as fetching on a lady as some furs, but every husband knows army blankets will never be in favor with the Unfair Sex owing to the simple fact that army blankets do not have to be caught asleep on icebergs and harpooned by Eskimos on a commission basis.

If burlap had to be chased through the north woods by wholesale and retail hunters one burlap jacket would cost from \$300 to \$1,000. And the ladies would think it exquisite. Likewise if man had to chase a yard of flannel ninety miles across ice on snow sleds before he could catch it, a suit of red flannel underwear would sell for around \$250 and be considered ultra smart for street wear.

The cost of feminine winter wear is based on the distance you have to go to trap, snare or shoot it.

Men's overcoats are comparatively cheap because they never have been known to run from a hunter in their lives.



NEIGHBORS

When Ephraim Crosby made a clearing far out on Valley Road and built his house, he had no neighbors. He lived an independent life, producing on the farm practically all that his family ate and wore. Emergencies—sickness and fire and protection of his homestead from prowlers—he met for himself. Later he had neighbors, one five and another eight miles away. Sometimes he helped them with their planting and harvesting, and they helped him in turn. Produce was marketed in the town, twenty miles along the cart-road.

Today Ephraim Crosby's grandchildren still live in the homestead, farming its many acres. The next house is a good mile away. But the Crosbys of today are not isolated. They neighbor with a nation. They buy and sell in the far city as well as in the county-seat. They have at their call the assistance and services of men in Chicago or New York, as well as men on the next farm.

Stretching from the Crosbys' farm living-room are telephone wires that lead to every part of the nation. Though they live in the distant countryside, the Crosbys enjoy the benefits of national telephone service as wholly as does the city dweller. The plan and organization of the Bell System has extended the facilities of the telephone to all types of people. By producing a telephone service superior to any in the world at a cost within the reach of all to pay, the Bell System has made America a nation of neighbors.



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One Policy, One System, Universal Service

FINANCE & INVESTMENT

THE extreme activity of the stock market during recent weeks has led to much optimism, and likewise to some worried expressions of anxiety. There is no unanimity of opinion as to what the long succession of two-million-share days portend. Some see in this feverish buying and selling the beginnings of a dangerous inflation. Others regard it as merely the normal readjustment of investment values made necessary by the newly stabilized status of Europe, the greatly improved outlook for our own agricultural regions, and the end of uncertainty as to the Presidential election.

There can be no question that the railroads are looking forward to a period of tranquillity and undisturbed development, thanks to the election.

Their cheery reaction has taken the form of an announcement that they will spend a billion dollars on improving their service to the public during 1925. Moreover the election

has been taken to indicate that scientific and prompt tax reduction will go into effect, and this has boosted the tone of the entire market.

The farmer's bettered state has been very generally recognized, and the Federal Reserve Board has called attention to the fact that the American farmer's income has been swollen both by

higher prices and by a greater yield than in a number of years. His continued and rapid liquidation of his indebtedness at banks throughout the Middle West will soon have him out of the red side of the ledger. This is important because so much of our national prosperity bases itself upon the farmer. When he is prosperous we all breathe freely. When he is pinched his lack of buying power removes one of the chief supports of trade.

Finally, the stabilizing influences in Europe are working steadily, undramatically, inconspicuously to rebuild the fabric of commerce. The

IN the case of a loan to a foreign Government, the prospective purchaser should know the origin and history of its people and their religious, social and other national characteristics. Is it a homogeneous nation like England or France, or polyglot nation like Yugoslavia? Is the Government socialistic or paternalistic? Is it well established? Is the population mainly agricultural, as in Hungary, or industrial, as in Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia? What are labor conditions at home? Is there a surplus, as in Italy, unemployment, as in England, long hours or low wages, as in Germany and Japan? Labor conditions vitally affect the competitive position of a nation and hence the security of its external loans.

What natural resources does the country possess, such as timber, coal, oil, iron, potash, nitrate and other raw materials, or hydroelectric energy? Are such resources nationalized or wisely administered by private capital? To what extent is the country self-sufficient? Is it practically self-sustaining, e. g., United States and France; or is it dependent upon other nations for essential raw materials for its industries, e. g., Germany—or for foodstuffs, as England? What is the nature of the imports? Of exports? What is normally the balance between them?—John E. Barber, Associate in the work of our Reparations Commissioners, cautioning his countrymen to choose wisely among bonds of foreign nations.



What are these "Four Distinguishing Marks"?

To the January Investor: The Four Distinguishing Marks of Miller First Mortgage Bonds are a positive, scientific method to aid you in investing safely, profitably, intelligently. They disclose precisely the facts you want to know when you try to compare one bond with another. Here they are:



1. Independent Appraisals:

Local authorities, in signed appraisals, give you their estimates of physical value and earnings of the mortgaged property.



2. Bank Certification:

A local bank places its certificate of genuineness on each bond.



3. Moderate-sized Loans:

Our policy is to finance numerous properties of moderate size, easily managed by their owners, widely scattered and readily marketable, rather than a few large properties.



4. Full Interest:

Every Miller Bond pays the investor the full rate of interest prevailing in the section where the property is located, without deduction.

The Four Distinguishing Marks are not new in Miller Bonds. We are calling them to your attention this January merely to show you how to apply to a first mortgage investment, paying up to 7%, the same tests you would apply to any other bond. Mail the coupon today for circular describing a new bond issue and for full information about the Four Distinguishing Marks.

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Revision downward of the more absurd of the tariff schedules will accentuate the recovery of our European commerce, by opening our doors to the goods which Europe offers in exchange for our cotton, oil, manufactured goods and other items. They cannot pay in gold—(we have more gold than we need anyhow)—and how, therefore, can we be paid if we refuse payment in goods?

After the turn of the year, business will doubtless slacken off for a time, but meanwhile a good Christmas season will have been enjoyed by the country's retail trade, and inventories should show such depleted stocks that heavy buying will be necessary to fill the empty shelves. By the time the February issue of CURRENT OPINION is off the presses, the seasonal let-down following Christmas will, if present indications can be trusted, be replaced by

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- 5 Why are there more widows than widowers, and what is the remedy?
- 6 Why are so many rich men poor?
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So we come back to the point of our first paragraph and conclude that, "bears" to the contrary notwithstanding, the stock market's record-breaking performances bode nothing but cheer. As far as one can see at the moment, the market is "discounting" a long period of rising prices and commercial activity. After all, did not the astute Mr. Bernard Baruch declare publicly that our country is destined to enjoy an era of trade expansion so prolonged that it might properly be called an "industrial renaissance"?

WERE there any danger in the situation, were there ground for fears, we still would not be very much alarmed while the Federal Reserve System keeps its judicious diagnostic finger on the pulse of finance. The System has not yet grown into the massive thing it will eventually become, but it has long since passed the infant stage. Founded in 1914, it leaped into husky manhood



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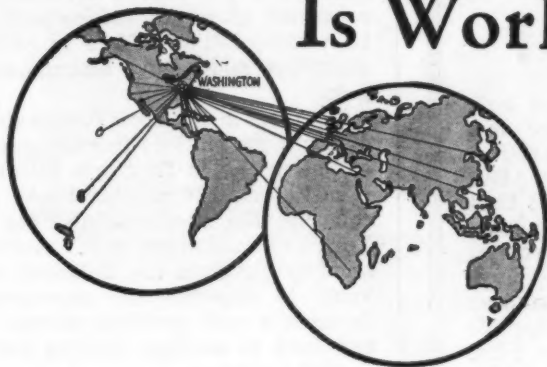
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when the war emergency brought home to our financial community the magnitude of the dangers confronting the country, and persuaded even the most recalcitrant opponents of the Federal Reserve Act to cooperate in putting these bankers' banks into effective operation.

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is merely an extremely well-designed, well-organized office building. Those vaults are the interesting thing about it. They are in five levels, and to them have been transferred from a dozen separated places of safekeeping more than three billion dollars in cash and securities, and a huge accumulation of gold.

Yet there is still room for the stowing of countless millions in cash, currency and securities in its ample interior on behalf of the 850 member banks which comprise the membership of the New York Federal Reserve area. Automatic security elevators are adjacent to the vault to expedite the movement of documents and precious metals from one level to another, leading out into special corridors.

The vault or vaults are encased in three walls many feet in thickness. And these walls are composed of metals and concrete so ingeniously assembled that neither TNT, dynamite, oxy-acetylene torches nor the jackhammer drill can penetrate them. The vault doors are the last word in safety construction. There are six of them and each revolves on a vertical axis. When the cylinder of steel forming the door has turned to the appropriate point a corridor four feet wide is revealed, leading into the vault. To close it a simple mechanism is employed to turn it 90 degrees, so that the erstwhile corridor runs cross-wise from wall to wall of the vault. Thus when the vault is closed, a super-burglar might cut his way conceivably through 30 inches of steel, only to find himself in a space four feet wide with a barrier as formidable as the one he had conquered just before him.

Thirty-five clerks will work on the average in this vault, supplied with fresh air through a system of ducts whose gratings are charged with sufficient electricity to electrocute any person attempting to use them to effect an entrance. Guards have strategic stations around the vault, and listening devices and whispering galleries record the faintest sound made above, around or below the huge treasure chambers.

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- ☐ How to Make Your Money Make More Money—American Institute of Finance
- ☐ Build Your Income on Prosperity's Path—Southern Bond & Mortgage Co.
- ☐ How Fast Money Accumulates at 7%—Adair Realty & Trust Co.
- ☐ Diversified Investments—Guaranty Company of New York
- ☐ How the Prudences Guarantee Safeguards Your Investment—The Prudence Company, Inc.
- ☐ The Making of a Modern Bank—Continental and Commercial Banks
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CURRENT OPINION

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Externally the building is a modified Renaissance Italian style of architecture, very massive, very simple, dignified and stalwart. It is a suitable building from every point of view to express the functions of its banking tenant. Those functions are inscribed on a carved panel over the main entrance:

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The new building is not simply the latest thing in banking structures, it is also the symbol of the development of a stabilizing financial influence which carried us through the war without a jar, and greatly softened the blow of post-war deflation to the business community. With the Federal Reserve System on guard to protect the public, such a thing as the old-fashioned "panic" should be forever impossible.

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In an enthusiastic bull market not only do good stocks go up, but often bad ones.

Do some calm checking over stocks now. Why? Because poor stocks, even though pushed up with good stocks, will not stay up.

To see which these good stocks and bad stocks are, send for our current Stock Market Outlook. Few extra copies available free.

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LONG cold nights and short dark days, slush underfoot and a bitter wind blowing icy rain into your face, John Junior in bed with grippe, Mary coughing, and you yourself with a snuffle and a chill—time to think of winter resorts!

There are three ways to spend the winter, and only one of them is hard to bear. You can go South where it is summer. You can go North where the really severe weather gives opportunity for invigorating winter sports. Or you can struggle on without a change, without exercise, without the psychological stimulus of travel—at home. No question which of the three is hard to bear.

These days when the old year is dying in stormy darkness and the New Year is creeping in with a shiver—these days you suddenly take an interest in parts of your newspaper you never saw before. Over in the back of any metropolitan daily of ordinary pretensions, amongst want ads and buyers' guides and offerings of business opportunities, there is sure to be a page or two (and more on Sundays) headed Shipping and Mails, or Steamships and Tours, or Winter Resorts and Hotels. You find yourself reading the advertisements on those pages and the matter-of-fact announcements of sailing dates for ocean liners instead of the market quotations or your favorite daily "colyum." Just now they are the most romantic and interesting pages in the paper.

Side by side you find Quebec's glorious tobogganing illustrated by a spirited picture of bundled figures plunging down snowy heights, and Tampa, Florida's bathing beach, alight

with sailboats and girls in scanty swimming suits. From one corner of the paper Southern California calls, and from another corner St. Moritz beckons you to skate and ski in Switzerland. And then the cruises—delectable announcements of voyages to every part of the globe from Sweden on the North to Rio on the South.

Here is a steamship company offering to carry you from San Francisco by way of Honolulu and Suva to New Zealand and Australia, or if you prefer they can drop you off at Tahiti or Rarotonga. Here are half a dozen companies eager to transport you to as many ports of China and Japan and the Philippines, ports whose mere names have magic in them—Hongkong, Shanghai, Kobe, Yokohama, Nagasaki and Manila.

If you have had a strenuous business year and long for a month or two or three at sea, ship after ship stretches out a welcoming gangplank. You can cruise around the world, or around the Caribbean, or down through the Panama Canal and along South America's west coast to Valparaiso. You will probably want to take the Mediterranean cruise if you have not already done it. From picturesque North Africa to Egypt's sun-soaked antiquity, the Holy Land reviving a civilization of sorts under British mandatory guidance, the isles of Greece, the Athenian mainland, Italian Adriatic cities flaunting their perpetual youth under a miraculously blue sky, Spanish seaport towns loitering between siestas from bull-fight to promenade where picadors collect admiring glances from the public, and—on to the Riviera, goal, sooner or later, of every American tourist, prize playground of the world.



The De Luxe Golden State Limited to

California

Commencing December 28th, 1924

New, all-steel Pullman standard sleeping cars, observation, club and dining cars. Lounging room for ladies, two baths, manicure, maid, hairdresser, barber and valet.



Commodious lounge room, dressing rooms, bath, manicure and maid



Club car, shower, barber, and valet. Telephones in terminals



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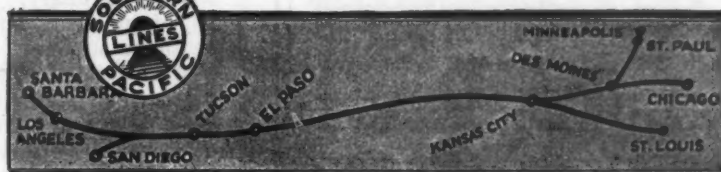
Coaches, tourist and standard sleepers, and dining cars. All trains leave Eastern terminals from Rock Island stations, and Western terminals from Southern Pacific stations—via GOLDEN STATE ROUTE—the short, interesting, mild-weather, low-altitude route.

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about _____ There will be _____ in my party.

Name _____

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Town _____ State _____

You can combine with these cruises as much or as little sightseeing ashore as you wish. You can gallop from gallery to cathedral and gobble the rich feast Baedekerwise, or you can drift about as your fancy moves you, permitting scenes and sites to impress themselves upon a carefree and unhurried mind. Choose your tour and tour manager with this in mind. Most of the companies arrange stop-over privileges to suit your taste.

Not the least interesting of the "voyages" which may be taken, is that offered by M. Citroen, who is to France what Henry Ford is to the rest of the world. M. Citroen has thrown open the Sahara Desert to tourists. A special cable to the *New York Times* reports that he plans to organize the Trans-African Citroen Company in January and to run two cars weekly in each direction across the desert.

The "voyage" over the sand dunes, mountain ranges and oasis valleys of the Sahara will require 9 days. The distance is 2,703 kilometers. Each night stop will be made in desert cities such as Timbuctoo or at oases. If, perchance, no town exists where Citizen Citroen's caterpillar caravan is to halt, this enterprising manufacturer will erect his own hotels or construct de luxe Bedouin camps. At all stopping points native jazz bands and other entertainment is to be organized for the tourists.

It will be remembered that M. Citroen's enterprise is responsible for the trans-navigation of the Sahara by a motor party in 1922. The photographs taken during that expedition and reproduced throughout the world aroused an interest in this vast and little known territory which has only been heightened by recent scientific reports of large bodies of water underlying the desert wastes. Artesian wells may make the Sahara blossom like a rose some day. Conceivably it might become the world's granary. Fish have been pulled up from hundreds of feet beneath its surface.

Meanwhile M. Citroen deserves to be patronized. He is proposing one of the most unique of journeys. Three types of conveyance are available for it, motor boats for the watery portions of the

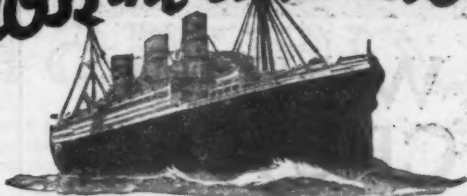


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DEFT service, amidst comfortable and harmonious surroundings with excellent cuisine makes your voyage enjoyable and recreative.

The *de luxe* steamers **RESOLUTE**, **RELiance**, **ALBERT BALLIN** and **DEUTSCHLAND**, and the splendid *one-class cabin* steamers, **CLEVELAND**, **THURINGIA**, **WESTPHALIA** and **MOUNT CLAY**, maintain frequent sailings from New York to

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Excellent connections to all inland points

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voyage, presumably at the southern end, and caterpillar wheeled vehicles and ordinary motors for the remainder. Seekers after novelty will do well to consider this nine-day desert crossing. It seems likely to be an unforgettable experience.

If golf is your distraction and the principal attraction in resorts, you will find a thousand places near at hand and further off, where the weather is urbane as the hotel clerk. Hot Springs, Arkansas, and Augusta, Georgia are only two of the more notable centers for golf vacationing.

On the other hand if you are one of the numerous and fast-growing public with a passion for winter sports it will be good news to you to read that, in two New York State counties alone, more than 200 good hotels are keeping open through the winter—and at extremely reasonable rates—to help accommodate those who enjoy a week-end on snowshoes and skis. The like winter resort conditions prevail elsewhere, and the enthusiasm for sleighing and tobogganing brings together in every



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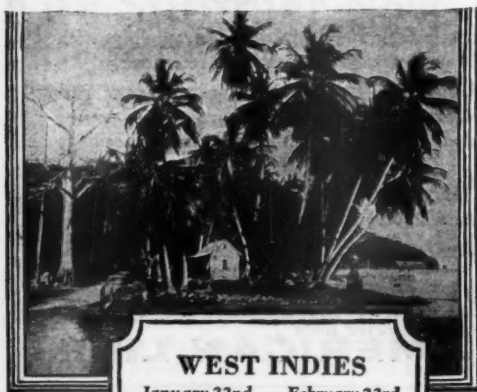
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TWO cruises to the romantic Caribbean by the magnificent Orca, 25,500 tons displacement. Each cruise 29 days. Extensive itinerary. Shore excursions. Rates \$250. up.

BERMUDA

"The Sportsman's Paradise"—golf, tennis, bathing, etc.—only 48 hours from New York. Weekly sailing by the palatial ARAGUAYA 17,500 tons displacement—largest and most luxurious liner in the service. Rates \$70. up.

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"The Comfort Route"

ROYAL MAIL

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
New York . Boston . Pittsburgh . Chicago . Detroit
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Vancouver . Toronto . Montreal . Halifax

snow-clad hill region delightful companies of young people, and young-minded older people. If extended trips are beyond this winter's purse, week-end outings and healthful recreation in nearby mountains is nevertheless abundantly available.

THOSE doomed to winter it at home will find much consolation in the radio. In spite of a tendency to inject the sort of advertising into the broadcasts which belong in magazines and newspapers, the quality of matter put on the air grows better all the time, and the variety more pronounced.

In illustration of the manner in which radio is being variegated, many listeners-in doubtless noted how Silvio Hein's fellow-music-composers recently regaled him with a special, personal program. Failing health has driven him, it appears, to an Adirondack sanitarium. To prevent his being lonesome or low-spirited, his friends from Tin-Pan-Alley serenaded him one after another over the radio from New York City. Their program began late, after everything else had signed off, and not everybody was aware of what was going on.

It was a sort of family party at long range. Other friends, listening in, telephoned messages to the broadcast station, and these were read over the radio to the sick composer. Each singer or pianist had a few affectionate, personal remarks to make, by way of preface or conclusion to his performance. Altogether it was a significant example of the adaptability of radio and the way it widens, so to speak, the family circle, drawing the most scattered individuals and groups into friendly intercourse. The stunt is said to be unprecedented, but then there is something new every minute in radio.

THAT is why Herbert Hoover puts his foot down on the idea of legal regulation and censorship of radio—because there is something new every radio minute. This giant service, already enlarging into the greatest of public utilities, may become almost anything. The branches of it which we in our blindness might be inclined to lop off, may in time become the main stem.



to the

Mediterranean

The
CRUISE SUPREME

1925
on the

HOMERIC

34,000 tons Register

The
SHIP of SPLENDOR

Sailing from New York Jan. 24

Returning April 1st

The Great White Star Liner "Homeric" is the largest and most luxurious steamer sailing to the Mediterranean—the largest steamer that has ever been chartered for a cruise.

The list of passengers who have made definite reservations is a guarantee of enjoyable companionship.

Some choice accommodations of various types are still available and we invite early applications.

The itinerary fully covers the Mediterranean and adjacent lands—including a long stay in Egypt—Cairo, Luxor, Assouan, Philae; or Palestine—Haifa, Damascus, Tiberias, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, etc. Stopover privileges in Europe.

AROUND THE WORLD—THE CRUISE SUPREME 1925

by Cunard Liner "FRANCONIA"; Jan. 22 to May 31

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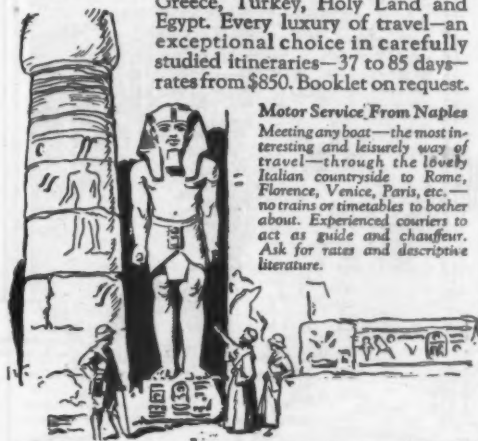
"We have long agreed," wrote Mr. Hoover, "that this industry will ultimately require exhaustive legislation. . . . I feel, however, that the new developments in the art during the last twelve months have taken such a departure as to require somewhat further time for ascertaining its ultimate result to the public before we can adequately determine the proper course of legislation. . . . Any attempt to give preference among stations in the allotment of wave lengths on the basis of quality of programs raises the question of censorship, the implication of which I cannot at present accept."

Three major things, he went on, have grown out of the last twelve months. First, interconnection of stations to broadcast a single voice throughout the United States. Second, use of higher powers to reach larger and larger areas. And third, the profitable use of broadcasting for indirect advertising.

Indirect advertising is all very well, but the direct form of advertising will never be tolerated by the public, in the opinion of the Secretary of Commerce.

MEDITERRANEAN EGYPT • PALESTINE

SMALL select parties, under personal leadership, from New York by S. S. ADRIATIC January 7 and February 26 and S. S. MAURETANIA February 16. Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, the Riviera, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Holy Land and Egypt. Every luxury of travel—an exceptional choice in carefully studied itineraries—37 to 85 days—rates from \$850. Booklet on request.



Motor Service From Naples
Meeting any boat—the most interesting and leisurely way of travel—through the lovely Italian countryside to Rome, Florence, Venice, Paris, etc.—no trains or timetables to bother about. Experienced couriers to act as guide and chauffeur. Ask for rates and descriptive literature.

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We expect to carry 600 to 700 passengers on each cruise.

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 TO THE **MEDITERRANEAN**

By specially chartered new s. s. "Laconia," 20,000 tons, oil-burner. Featuring 17 days in Egypt and Palestine. 62 days' cruise, \$600 up, including Hotels, Drives, Guides, Fees, etc.

Originator of Round the World Cruises. Longest experienced cruise management. Est. 30 years.

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For Infants,
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Avoid Imitations



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*A dash of salt sea air ~
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ATLANTIC CITY

On the Beach and the Boardwalk
In the very center of things

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No-Nic-O-Tine

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NEARLY two years ago we startled the public by introducing our de-nicotined cigar. Since that day, cigarette and pipe smokers have flooded us with requests for a cigarette and a pipe tobacco from which the harm in smoking, the bulk of the nicotine, has been extracted.

At last we are ready to satisfy the demands of this vast army of smokers. Now smoke twenty cigarettes a day or a dozen pipefuls without injuring your health and vitality.

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Right now let's settle a question in your mind. Nicotine adds nothing to the enjoyment of smoking. It's a negative quantity—dizziness, jumpy nerves, depression, those are the effects of nicotine on your system.

What we have done is to remove the liabilities from smoking, leaving only the assets—the comfort found in a good, sweet pipe, the satisfaction from a well-blended cigarette, the aroma from a fine imported tobacco cigar.

Here's an opportunity for every man—young or old—to revolutionize his smoke habits, by smoking more not less. Send now for O-Nic-O Cigarettes, Tobacco or Cigars from which the harm, the bulk of the nicotine, has been removed. Order by the next mail.

O-NIC-O

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These questions were prepared, after a great deal of thought, by a group of eminent scientists. Their test has become famous throughout the country as the "Popular Science Questionnaire."

Like an Old-fashioned Examination

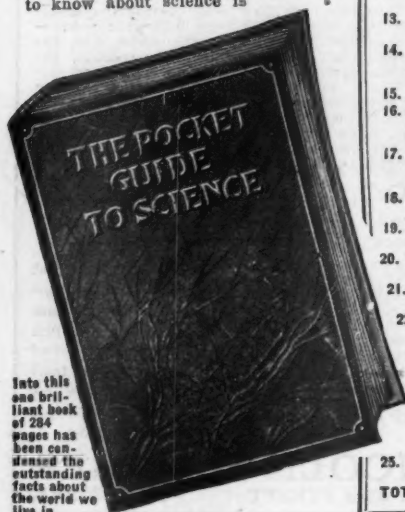
May we ask you to make this test carefully, reading the questions slowly and giving thought to each one? When you cannot answer one satisfactorily to yourself, put a zero (0) beside it.

On the other hand, give yourself credit of four (4) for each satisfactory answer. Then when you are through, see how near you have come to making a mark of 100.

This is like an old-fashioned examination, but you will find it fascinating.

All of the questions in the famous "Popular Science Questionnaire" and many hundreds of others, have now been answered, for the first time, in one book—THE POCKET GUIDE TO SCIENCE.

All that you probably ever will want to know about science is



Into this one brilliant book of 284 pages has been condensed the outstanding facts about the world we live in.

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POPULAR SCIENCE QUESTIONNAIRE

Test Yourself Now

1. Why does radium continue to give out heat for thousands of years?
2. Are the stars solid like the earth?
3. How was the earth formed?
4. Why is glass transparent?
5. How do we know that the earth is slowly shrinking?
6. What is an electric current?
7. How was petroleum formed?
8. Do electrons really move through wire when an electric current is flowing through it?
9. What physical changes in your body are produced by fear?
10. How do muscles exert power?
11. What are X-rays?
12. Can we see atoms with a microscope?
13. Why does heat expand things and cold contract them?
14. Why does the moon appear to change its shape from time to time?
15. What is the brain made of?
16. Why is it possible that the inside of the earth is growing hotter instead of colder?
17. Why is frost more likely on a clear night than on a cloudy one?
18. Does thinking use up the thinker's energy?
19. Which travels faster, electricity or light?
20. What simple test will distinguish wool from cotton?
21. What makes the noise of thunder?
22. Why would men ultimately suffocate if all the green plants were killed?
23. Does the boiling of water remove the impurities in it?
24. How do the living cells of the body get the energy with which to do their work?
25. How is the speed of light measured?

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Educational Service Bureau advises parents in the selection of Camps and Schools. Consultation on appointment.

PORTER SARGENT

11 Beacon Street

Boston, Mass.

(Continued from page 59)

The old man looked peaceful there on the rock. I was for lynching the man who fired the shot. I stayed there while the rest went for the sheriff. There was a little white box lying a few feet away from the rock. I was there alone with the dead man. The moon was dim. The brook sang. It was lonesome. Suddenly I felt that queer prickling of the scalp which comes even to brave men, one of which I am not, in the presence of something they can't explain. The little white box had started to move and there was no wind!

Then I heard a sound like the soft scuffle of a moth against the screen at night. I picked up the box and put it in my pocket just before the rest of the people came back.

In my cabin I opened the box and looked into the unblinking eyes of the ultimate frog—the final member of the poor old man's quartet, the one which had cost him his life.

He was a true pickerel frog. When I put him out in the pond in a little cage I fixed up, he hit middle C as true as a good 'cellist.

THERE was a moment of silence and then from the darkness beyond the embers some one asked an obvious question.

"Of course I did," said Nicoll. "I went up there with the second tenor two nights after the funeral. There are always people like me who try to pick up and carry on for a man who won't be satisfied with anything short of perfection. But it always seems to work out the same way."

The other three frogs had disappeared.

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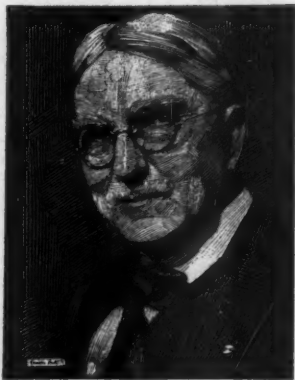
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tendency	capitalist
illustrate	administration
contraction	inspection
theory	problem
absolute	commissioner
naturally	liberal
political	aspiration
social	aristocracy
ethical	element
practical	constellation
ignore	command
eminent	moral
national	revolution
class	conspire
energetic	conference
industrial	delegate
interest	historical
organization	consequence
department	

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